MARVEL

WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

676

TROUBLE ON THE HORIZON

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"This is another example of why Amazing Spider-Man was my pick for 'Best Ongoing Series' for 2011."
– Dean Stell, *WeeklyComicBookReview.com*

THE GALAXY'S GREATEST SUPER HERO!

Spider-Man has just saved New York from disaster, it's a beautiful day, and the only thing on his agenda is enjoying it and wondering what comes tomorrow. Unfortunately, an out-of-control invention at Horizon Labs has given him a vision of tomorrow that includes the destruction of New York City! So much for that beautiful day! It's time to get to work to save the city — again! Then it's off to outer space with best pal Human Torch to rescue Col. John Jameson, with Dr. Octopus waiting in the wings!

Collects *Amazing Spider-Man #678-681* and *#679.1* — written by Dan Slott and Chris Yost; and illustrated by Humberto Ramos, Giuseppe Camuncoli and Matthew Clark.

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678

THE WORLD'S WORST SUPER HERO!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

DAILY BUGLE

NEW YORK

DESTROYED

SLOTT
RAMOS
OLAZABA
DELGADO

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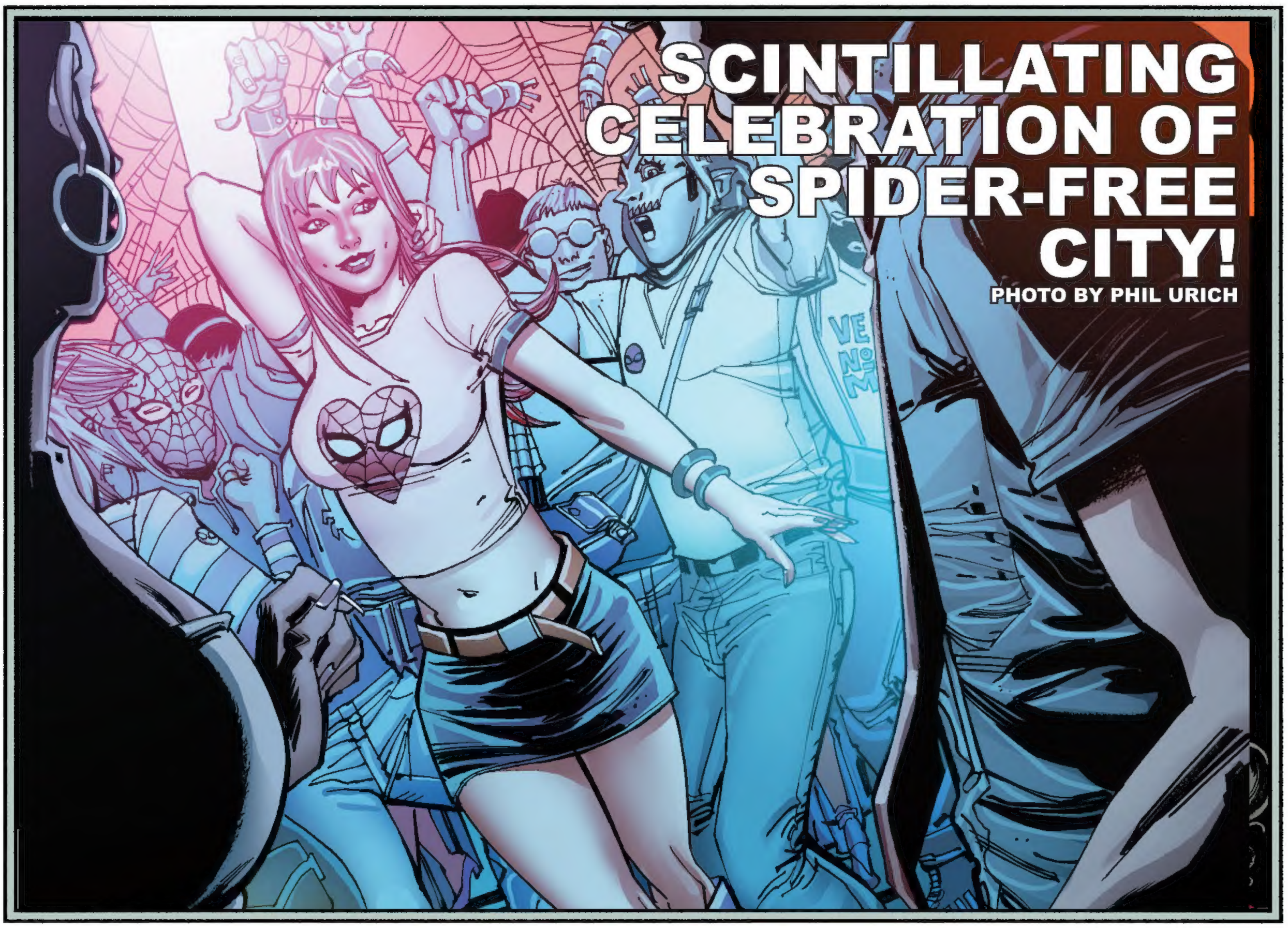
FINAL

DAILY BUGLE

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

SINCE 1897
$1.00 (in NYC)
$1.50 (outside city)

INSIDE: GROUNDWATER OR GRAVE ROBBERS? EXCHANGE EXPERIENCES PUNISHING FATALITIES! RUMOR: VENOM IN VEGAS?



HORIZON LABS: A UNIQUE WORK ENVIRONMENT

THE SUPER-GENUISES AT HORIZON LABS ARE ALL STRIVING TO FIND THE NEXT BIG IDEA. FRESH OFF THE SUCESS OF THEIR CURE FOR THE SPIDER-ISLAND VIRUS, EVERYONE IS WONDERING WHAT INVALUABLE INVENTION THIS BRAIN TRUST WILL THINK OF NEXT.

DAN SLOTT — WRITER
HUMBERTO RAMOS — PENCILS
VICTOR OLAZABA — INKS
EDGAR DELGADO — COLOR
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA — LETTERING
MIKE DeIMUNDO — COVER

ELLIE PYLE — ASSISTANT EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER — EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO — EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA — CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER

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UNH. WHAT DAY IS IT?

AH. RIGHT. MONDAY. AND Y'KNOW WHAT?

I DON'T HATE IT. NO, SIR. NOT ONE BIT.

WSHH WSHH

'CAUSE I AM *PETER BENJAMIN PARKER*...

...CARD-CARRYING *AVENGER*, MEMBER OF THE *FANTASTIC FOUR*...

...AND EVERYONE'S FAVORITE WALL-CRAWLING WONDER.

KRNCH

AND FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, EVERYTHING'S GOING MY WAY.

ORIZON
R PARKER
CREATIVE ENGINEER
Research and Development
LAB 7

MR. PARKER. BEAUTIFUL DAY OUT.

YEAH, HUMPHREY. IT IS. ISN'T IT? THINK I'LL *WALK* TO WORK.

SIR?

HEH. ME. WALKING.

NOTHING. SEE YA.

SURE, I *COULD* GO WEB-SWINGING. BUT WHEN I DO THAT, SOMETIMES I MISS OUT...

...ON THE BIG PICTURE.

I KILLED TOMORROW

PART 1 OF 2: SCHRÖDINGER'S CATASTROPHE

LIKE HOW I'M LUCKY ENOUGH TO LIVE IN NEW YORK.

S'ALL FRESH. JUST GOT IT IN. THE PLUMS ARE GOOD.

I'D RATHER HAVE...A BANANA.

PETER? WOW! IS THAT YOU?

BAMBI? IT'S BEEN AGES. HOW'S JORDAN?

DOING WELL. WE HAVE TO CATCH UP.

SURE. LET ME GIVE YOU MY NEW NUMBER.

NO, YOU WANT TO GO TO THE F.D.R. KEEP LEFT.

IF YOU WALK INTO THE EAST RIVER, YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR.

OR AS WE LIKE TO CALL IT, THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.

AND HOME TO THE BEST JOB I'VE EVER HAD...

...AT HORIZON LABS.

AS ONE OF THE ELITE MEMBERS OF THEIR *THINK TANK*...

...AS LONG AS I DELIVER A BIG, NEW INVENTION AT THE END OF EACH QUARTER, I CAN COME AND GO AS I PLEASE.

(WHICH SUITS MY SPIDER-MAN LIFESTYLE JUST FINE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.)

TODAY, HOWEVER, THERE'S A SPECIFIC REASON I HAVE TO CLOCK IN AT THIS HOUR...

HEY, PETE. WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN SO EARLY?

HEY, UATU. THEY GOT ME ON "DOUBLE-CHECK DUTY."

THE DREADED DOUBLE D. SAY NO MORE.

UATU JACKSON'S A FELLOW THINK TANKER, SO HE KNOWS, ON TOP OF HITTING OUR DEADLINE...

...OUR ONE *OTHER* RESPONSIBILITY IS TO BUDDY UP WITH A COLLEAGUE AND CHECK THEIR MATH.

JUST TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T PULL A "*VICTOR VON DOOM*" AND BLOW THEIR FACE OFF.

AND TODAY, MY "BUDDY" IS...WELL... THIS GUY.

PARKERRR!

WHAT KEPT YOU? C'MON, BRO, YOU GOTTA SEE THIS!

THE EVER-GREGARIOUS *GRADY SCRAPS.*

YOU READY TO GET YOUR MIND BLOWN, DUDE?

THIS LATEST ONE IS *EPIC*.

CAN'T WAIT.

THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD.

GRADY'S NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A "CONVENTIONAL" KIND OF THINKER.

ONCE, HE MADE MUSICAL FUNGUS. NO KIDDING. C SHARP MUSHROOMS.

SO I'M WAITING FOR SOMETHING ***REALLY*** OFF THE WALL.

NOT THIS.

TA-DA!

I GIVE YOU...

...THE *MOST* HISTORIC DOORWAY...

...OF ALLLL TIME!

UM, GRADY...

...THAT'S A DOORWAY TO THE BREAK ROOM.

NO. IT'S A DOORWAY TO THE BREAK ROOM...

...OF ***TOMORROW!***
MORROW...
MORROW...

AH. GOTCHA. SO IT'S A SUPER-*HIGH-TECH* BREAK ROOM.

MAKES YOUR COFFEE FOR YOU. BUTTERS YOUR BREAD. CLEANS UP AFTER ITSELF. STUFF LIKE THAT?

NO. NO. NO.

NOT FIGURATIVELY. *LITERALLY.*

THROUGH A CAREFULLY MODULATED FIELD OF CHRONOTON PARTICLES, I'VE MADE A 24 HOUR WINDOW.

OUT HERE, IT'S *MONDAY.* IN THERE, IT'S *TUESDAY.* ERGO: "*THE BREAK ROOM OF TOMORROW.*"

YOU'RE KIDDING.

NOPE.

WATCH...

...AND PREPARE...

...TO BE AMAZED!

TUE

ILY BU

OUR CITY STREETS FOR SALE

CCORDING TO RECORDS ELEASED BY CITY HALL, ESTERDAY'S MKARIAN PRIDE PARADE DOWN H AVENUE, BROUGHT IN ESTIMATED $85 MILLION LLARS TO THE CITY'S REVENUE.

WHAT MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESO TOUTED AS A "WAY T CELEBRATE NEW YORK'S SYMKARIAN CITIZENS," HAS BEE VIEWED BY HIS CRITICS AS A CASH GRAB HELP BALANCE HIS DOUBLED BUDGET.

"THOUGH THE FIRST ANNUAL SYMKARIAN PRIDE PARADE WAS VIEWED BY SOME AS A--"

FESTO
SUCCES

WAIT. THE PARADE "WAS"...?

BUT THAT'S TAKING PLACE THIS AFTERNOON. IT HASN'T... HAPPENED YET.

THIS-- THIS IS *TUESDAY'S* PAPER.

NO WAY!

YES WAY!

DOORWAY. TO. TOMORROW. *K-CHOW!*

SO? WANNA GIVE IT A SHOT?

REALLY?

ALL RIGHT, I'M GAME...

...LET'S CHECK THIS--

--OUT.

OH, GOD.

PARKER!

SPEED LIMIT 40

DUDE, WHAT DID YOU DO?!

I DON'T KNOW.

THE BREAK ROOM, HORIZON LABS, IT'S ALL GONE, AND-- *NO!* THE SKYLINE!

THE BAXTER BUILDING, CHRYSLER BUILDING, EMPIRE STATE--LOOK AT 'EM! THEY'RE--ALL OF NEW YORK--IT'S COMPLETELY--

MAN, I GOTTA SEE THIS FOR MYSELF--

STOP!

DO *NOT* STEP THROUGH! UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, STAY *RIGHT* THERE!

YEAH. OKAY.

WAIT.

IS THAT...?

A WATCH.

I REMEMBER IN A HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY CLASS, WE SAW PICTURES OF WATCHES THEY FOUND AT HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI...

...FOREVER FROZEN AT THE MOMENT THE CITIES WERE DESTROYED.

TEN AFTER THREE.

PETER?

WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE...

...IT TOOK PLACE AT TEN AFTER THREE.

C'MON. NOW THAT WE KNOW, WE CAN STOP THIS.

WE HAVE TO.

UM. I THINK THIS THING'S STUCK. IT'S NOT CHANGING BACK. THAT'S *STILL* "TOMORROW." BUT--

UH-OH. THINK I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

WHEN SOMEONE STEPS THROUGH, THEY *SKIP AHEAD* 24 HOURS. YOU DIDN'T GO TO *THE* FUTURE.

YOU WENT TO *A* FUTURE WHERE YOU WEREN'T HERE FOR A *WHOLE* DAY.

THAT'S WHY EVERYTHING CHANGED.

BUT *YOU* WENT THROUGH AND EVERYTHING STAYED THE SAME.

DUDE, ALL I DO IS EAT PIZZA, WATCH DOCTOR WHO, AND PLAY *UNCHARTED 3*.

WHAT ABOUT *YOU*, MAN? WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT YOU THAT THE WORLD CAN'T GO 24 HOURS WITHOUT BLOWING UP?

I'M... UH...

...FRIENDS WITH SPIDER-MAN.

I MUST SAY SOMETHING TO HIM...OR HELP HIM IN SOME WAY...

...THAT PREVENTS THAT FROM HAPPENING.

BUT, *NOW* YOU DON'T. OR IT WOULD'VE CHANGED BACK.

THIS IS AN *OBSERVED* EVENT. NOW THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT IT...

...I DO *SOMETHING* DIFFERENT. AND BECAUSE OF *THAT*, THIS *IS* THE FUTURE THAT'S COMING.

EXIT

IF ONLY WE KNEW WHAT THAT *ONE* THING WAS. BUT THERE'S NO WAY OF FIGURING IT OUT--

WAIT! THERE IS! I'VE GOT IT!

LOOK! WE HAVE TOMORROW'S DAILY BUGLE!

NOT THAT TUESDAY. THE RIGHT TUESDAY. THE "GOOD TUESDAY"!

WE JUST HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS PAPER, FIND EVERY MENTION OF SPIDER-MAN...

...HAVE HIM DO EVERYTHING HE'S SUPPOSED TO DO TODAY...

...AND TOMORROW IS SAVED!

GOTCHA. WE MAKE SURE HE STEPS ON ALL THE RIGHT BUTTERFLIES!

THAT'S THE PLAN. I'LL GET SPIDER-MAN!

WHAT ABOUT ME?

STUDY THAT BUGLE, DON'T LET ANYONE ELSE THROUGH THE PORTAL, BUT KEEP WATCHING...

...YOU'LL NEED TO LET SPIDEY KNOW THE SECOND "BAD TUESDAY" CHANGES BACK TO "GOOD TUESDAY." THAT'S WHEN WE'LL KNOW WE'VE PULLED THIS OFF.

PETER, I THOUGHT I SAW YOU COME IN. LEAVING ALREADY? WHAT'S THE RUSH?

SORRY, MR. MODELL. LOVE TO CATCH UP, BUT TODAY I JUST DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO--

ZONE

THAT WATCH!

THIS? MY PARTNER HECTOR GAVE IT TO ME. EARLY BIRTHDAY PRESENT. NICE, ISN'T IT?

YEAH. ONE OF A KIND.

WELL, I WON'T KEEP YOU. SEE YOU LATER.

I HOPE SO.

TRYING TO CONVINCE MYSELF THIS IS A GOOD PLAN, BUT LET'S FACE IT...

...THIS ISN'T ABOUT MUGGERS, MOBSTERS, OR GUYS LIKE THE HOBGOBLIN. THIS IS *ALL* OF NEW YORK BLOWING UP.

I NEED TO CALL IN EVERYBODY! THE AVENGERS! THE FANTASTIC FOUR! EVACUATE THE WHOLE CITY JUST IN CASE--

PETER.

AAH!!

JULIA CARPENTER? WHAT'RE YOU--

WAIT. WHERE'S YOUR MADAME WEB GET-UP? SUNGLASSES? BIG RED TRENCH COAT?

BUFFALOES

SORRY. LITTLE BUSY. MY KID, RACHEL'S HOME FROM SCHOOL WITH THE FLU.

I SAID, "*DON'T GO OUT WITHOUT YOUR JACKET.*"

BUT WHY LISTEN TO ME, RIGHT? I'M ONLY AN ORACLE WHO CAN SEE INTO THE FUTURE. WHAT DO I KNOW?

UM. DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT I'M A LI'L BUSY *TOO...*

...GOT A *LOT* OF PEOPLE I HAVE TO SEE ABOUT--

NO! NO AVENGERS. NO FF. YOU HAVE TO DO THIS ON YOUR *OWN.*

WHAT? ARE YOU NUTS? DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY *LIVES* ARE AT STAKE HERE?

MILLIONS. AND THEY WILL LIVE *OR* DIE BECAUSE OF *YOUR* ACTIONS *ALONE*. LIKE ME, YOU'VE SEEN THE FUTURE. YOU KNOW THAT NOW.

BUT YOUR FELLOW HEROES HAVE THEIR *OWN* DESTINIES TO FULFILL TODAY. PULL A THREAD FROM ONE OF *THEIR* TAPESTRIES, AND THINGS COULD GET...WORSE.

I HAVE TO FOLLOW THE *SAME* RULES TOO. MY CHILD'S IN THE CITY. WE'RE NOT LEAVING. WE CAN'T.

BUT I HAVE FAITH IN YOU, PETER PARKER. I KNOW YOU *CAN* SAVE US.

SAME GOES FOR YOUR LOVED ONES. YOU CAN'T TELL THEM.

OR MOVE THEM OUT OF HARM'S WAY. EVERYONE MUST PLAY THEIR PART.

NO! THAT IS *MESSED UP!*

YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO JUST--

"*CAN*" BUT NOT "*WILL*"? UGH! I *HATE* ALL THIS PRE-DESTINY CRAP!

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

MOM? IS SOMEONE THERE?

SORRY. I WAS ASTRAL PROJECTING.

DON'T DO THAT. IT'S WEIRD.

OKAY. I'M BACK. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, KIDDO, FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.

WHAT? SO THIS IS A 24-HOUR BUG?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

I LOVE YOU.

MOM, YOU'RE BEING WEIRD AGAIN.

OKAY. 9:45 A.M. LESS THAN SIX HOURS TO GO, AND WHAT'VE I GOT?

NO IRON MAN, MISTER FANTASTIC, OR CAPTAIN AMERICA...

...JUST A BROKEN WATCH, TOMORROW'S DAILY BUGLE...

GRADY? YOU THERE? THIS IS SPIDER-MAN, COME IN!

...AND SOMEONE ON TECH SUPPORT.

THIS FOR REAL?

YEAH, PARKER BROUGHT ME UP TO SPEED AND GAVE ME HIS BLUETOOTH. SO...

...GOT ANYTHING FOR ME? DOES THAT PAPER OF YOURS SAY WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE?

LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

THIS READS LIKE IT'S YOUR BLOG OR SOMETHING. YOU'VE GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD OF YOU, MAN.

NOT ME, GRADY. WE.

YOU'RE ON TEAM SPIDEY NOW. YOU UP FOR IT?

SAVING THE CITY? WITH YOU? AGAIN?

YEAH, LET'S DO THIS!

ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S UP FIRST?

SAYS HERE YOU BEAT DAREDEVIL'S RECORD...

...ELEVEN PURSE-SNATCHERS IN ONE DAY.

12:42 PM

39° NY

slide to unlock

THAT'S NUMBER EIGHT. THE ONE IN RIVERSIDE PARK.

SEEMS KINDA SMALL SCALE, THOUGH. MAYBE WE SHOULD FOCUS ON THE BIG STUFF.

NO. THERE IS NO SMALL STUFF. TRUST ME, A SMALL-TIME THIEF CAN CHANGE SOMEONE'S WHOLE WORLD.

NYPD

WELL, SO FAR IT'S NOT CHANGING WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS DOOR.

MAYBE THIS WILL DO IT. HEAD DOWN TO ST. MARK'S...

BUGLE

...YOU STOP A RUNAWAY--

LIMOUSINE?! UNGH! GOT IT!

1:32

C'MON, GRADY. THROW ME A BONE HERE.

IS THIS HAVING ANY EFFECT AT ALL?

NONE. SORRY, MAN.

ZIP OVER TO 34TH AND PARK. YOU GOTTA MAKE A DELIVERY.

WHAT? LIKE A PIZZA?

NOT QUITE.

CAUTION

A DELIVERY. CUTE.

MAZEL TOV. IT'S A BOY.

NEXT?

NEXT?! WHAT? IS IT TWINS?

SUPER VILLAIN ON A RAMPAGE.

EXCELLENT! SOMETHING THAT COULD BLOW US ALL UP! THAT'S GREAT NEWS!

WEIRD THING TO GET STOKED ABOUT, DUDE.

THERE! DONE!

AFTER ALL THIS TIME, YOU'VE FINALLY DEFEATED ME.

AND NOW, ONCE AND FOR ALL, YOU SHALL KNOW THE SECRET OF F.A.C.A.D.E.! THAT I AM REALLY--

LATER! I'M ON THE CLOCK.

GRADY?

FULL ACCLIMATION COMBAT AND DE-- AW WHO CARES? -SLOTT

TOUCH SCREEN

3:02

I DEACTIVATED HIS EXPLO-SKELETON. TELL ME THAT WAS IT!

NO, I STILL HAVE "BAD TUESDAY" OVER HERE!

AND WE ARE CUTTING THIS REALLY CLOSE. WHAT ARE WE MISSING?!

DAILY BUGLE

CAUTION

"WHERE ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?!"

MAYOR JAMESON! OVER HERE! DAILY BUGLE!

CLICK

NICE ONE.

MS. SABLINOVA, ON BEHALF OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, WE WELCOME YOU, AND ALL YOU *OUT-OF-TOWNERS*...

...TO TAKE PART IN OUR FIRST ANNUAL *SYMKARIAN PRIDE PARADE*...

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR. WE ARE DEEPLY MOVED BY YOUR--

AND TO ENJOY OUR FINE SHOPPING AND DINING ESTABLISHMENTS! EXCELSIOR!

"LOOK AT IT ALL.

"THE POMP. THE CIRCUMSTANCE. ONE NATION WAVING ITS STANDARD...

"...CELEBRATING ITS NATIONAL IDENTITY--INSIDE *ANOTHER* NATION.

"WHAT A WASTE OF RESOURCES. HOW MUCH DID THEY SPEND ON THIS?"

SYMKARIAN PRIDE PARADE

THINK OF THE STARVING WHO COULD'VE BEEN FED. THE SHELTERS WHICH COULD'VE BEEN BUILT. THE DISEASES THEY COULD'VE CURED.

ONE DAY, WHEN *ULTIMATUM* HAS DONE AWAY WITH ALL NATIONS, THEY WILL THANK US. YOU'LL SEE. BUT FIRST...

...THEY MUST BE SHOWN THE WAY. IS THE DEVICE READY?

YES, FLAG-SMASHER.

GOOD. BEGIN THE COUNTDOWN.

GRADY? TALK TO ME! I'VE GOT 3:09. WE HAVE A MINUTE TOPS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU, DUDE! WE DIDN'T CHANGE A THING!

"BAD TUESDAY" IS STILL COMING!

THIS CAN'T BE IT!

ALL MY FRIENDS, EVERYONE I KNOW...

...EVERYONE I'VE EVER SAVED. NONE OF THAT MATTERS.

'CAUSE I SCREWED UP. AND NOW WE'RE ALL GOING TO--

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LISTENED TO JULIA!

SHOULD'VE GOTTEN EVERYBODY OUT!

SECONDS TO GO... GOTTA BE SOMETHING I CAN DO! BUT WHAT?!

WHAT?!

TIC. TIC. TOCK.

3

To Be Contin--?

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

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JOE QUESADA
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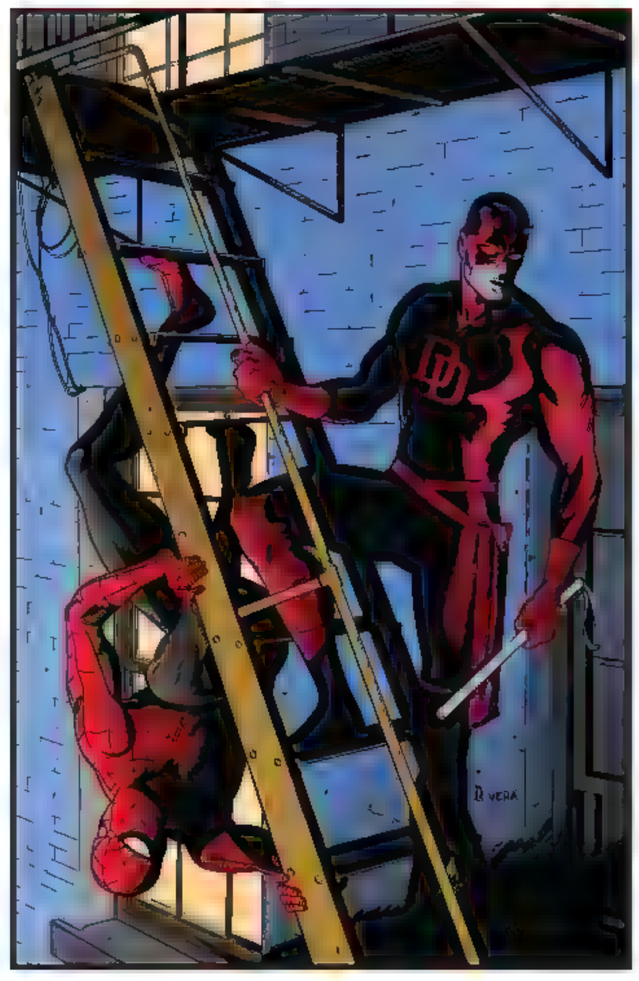
NEXT:

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #679!

ALSO THIS MONTH IN MARVEL NEW YORK



DAREDEVIL #8
DEVIL AND THE DETAILS PART 2

AVENGING SPIDER-MAN #3

PUNISHER #7

MARVEL

679

50 YEARS OF SPIDER-MAN

WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

673

SLOTT
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HORIZON

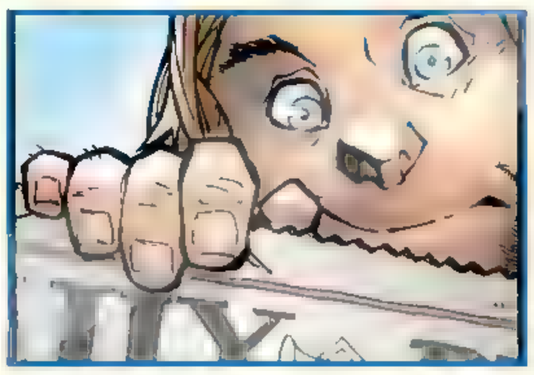
SCRAPSBOOK

FINAL ENTRY

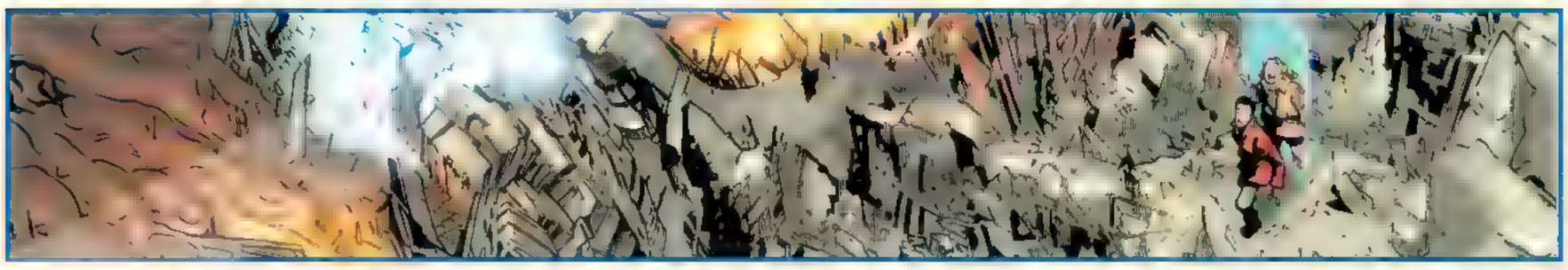
Privacy setting: Only Me (no one can know! Gah!!!)

FACT: I BUILT A DOORWAY TO TOMORROW

AND BROUGHT BACK TOMORROW'S NEWSPAPER TO PROVE IT

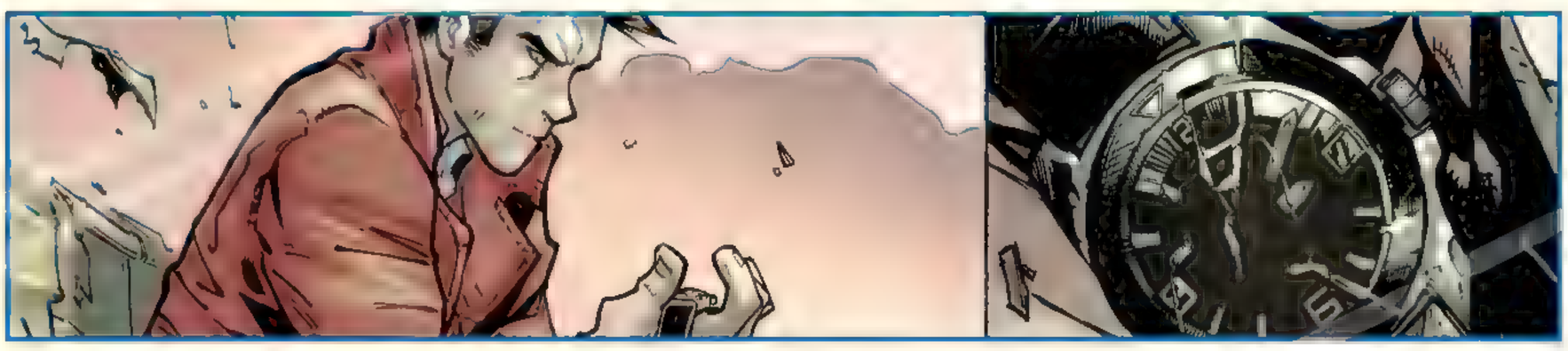


BUT THEN PETER PARKER (MY HORIZON LABS SCIENCE-BRO WHO WAS THERE TO CHECK MY MATH) WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR AND TOMORROW BECAME "BAD TOMORROW" WHERE NEW YORK WAS DESTROYED!



SO NOW SPIDER-MAN (PETE'S SUPER-BRO – SUPER COOL!) HAS TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IN THE PAPER FOR "GOOD TOMORROW" HAPPENS SO THAT "BAD TOMORROW" WILL CHANGE BACK.

PETE FOUND A WATCH IN "BAD TOMORROW'S" DESTROYED NEW YORK THAT WAS STOPPED AT 3:10 SO WE ONLY HAVE UNTIL THEN.



AND THAT'S... RIGHT...NOW!!!

(MAY THIS TECHNOLOGY SURVIVE THE BLAST AND FUTURE GENERATIONS BE ABLE TO HACK MY PRIVACY SETTINGS TO DISCOVER HOW WE FAILED THEM.)

ARCHIVE

2011

January
February
March
April
May
June
July
August
September
October
November
December

2010

January
February
March
April
May
June
July
August
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October
November
December

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3:10 P.M.
MADISON SQUARE PARK
I--I GUESS THIS IS HOW IT ALL ENDS.
WITH A BANG.
THE PLUS SIDE? AUNT MAY MOVED TO BOSTON. SO AT LEAST *HER* DEATH WON'T BE ON MY--
TIC.
TOCK.
3:11?
UM. THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT.
WHERE'S THE "*BOOM*"?
GRADY? YOU STILL THERE?
YEAH.
WHAT TIME YOU GOT?
3:11! WE SHOULD BE--
BUT WE'RE *NOT*. I'VE GOT THE "*BAD TUESDAY*" WATCH *RIGHT* HERE, AND IT'S STILL SET TO--*AH.*
WHAT?!
IT'S AN ANALOG WATCH. THE DISASTER MUST HAPPEN AT 3:10 A.M.
SORRY.

3:11 P.M.
HORIZON LABS

ARE YOU FRICKING KIDDING ME?!

GRADY? C'MON. THIS IS GOOD NEWS. IT MEANS WE STILL HAVE TWELVE MORE HOURS TO STOP THIS FROM--

NO! THERE'S NO "WE"! I'M DONE!

I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE! I AM SO OUTTA HERE!

WHA? GRADY, WAIT! I CAN'T DO THIS WITHOUT YOU--

YES, YOU *CAN!* YOU DON'T *NEED* ME. I'M NOT IMPORTANT AT *ALL*, MAN.

CAUTION CAUTION C

AND I CAN *PROVE* IT!

STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHEN PARKER STEPPED THROUGH MY *TIME DOOR*, ALL OF TOMORROW *EXPLODED*--JUST 'CAUSE HE *KNOWS* YOU.

THE WORLD CAN'T GO 24 HOURS WITHOUT HIM OR YOU. BUT ME?

I WENT THROUGH EARLIER, AND *NOTHING* CHANGED. DON'T YOU GET IT? I DON'T MATTER.

JUST WATCH! IF I JUMP AHEAD A DAY, YOU'LL SEE...

...IT WON'T MAKE *ONE* BIT OF DIFFERENCE! EVERYTHING WILL STILL BE EXACTLY--

I KILLED TOMORROW

PART 2 OF 2: A DATE WITH PREDESTINY

...

GYAHH!

CALM DOWN, DUDE.

THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN. YET.

IT'S GONNA BE OKAY.

SPIDEY? YOU THERE?

YOU OKAY, BUD?

GRADY? MR. SCRAPS, COME IN?

THIS ON? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YEAHHH.

THOUGHT I LOST YOU FOR A SEC.

NO. I'M STILL HERE.

AND YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU NEED ME.

OH, YOU REALLY REALLY ***REALLY*** NEED ME.

GRADY? WHAT'D YOU SEE IN THERE?

NOTHING. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. LET'S JUST GET BACK TO WORK, OKAY?

ALL RIGHT. HEY, *YOU'VE* GOT THE DAILY BUGLE FROM THE "*GOOD*" FUTURE.

WHAT'S IT SAY I DO NEXT?

UM. NOTHING. THAT'S IT.

YOU *DID* EVERYTHING THE PAPER *SAID* YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DO TODAY.

THEN *WHATEVER* I DID THAT STOPPED NEW YORK FROM GOING KABLOOIE--

--IT *DIDN'T* MAKE THE NEWS. SO NOW WHAT?!

*WHAT WOULD YOU **NORMALLY** DO?*

I DUNNO. GO ON PATROL?

WELL THEN DO THAT!

OKAY. MAYBE WE'LL GET LUCKY AND SOMETHING WILL TRIGGER--

--MY *SPIDER-SENSE!*

Sixth Avenue.
SITE OF THE FIRST ANNUAL SYMKARIAN PRIDE PARADE.

WHAT A TURNOUT! YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, MS. SABLINOVA, IT'S DAMN IMPRESSIVE.

YES. SO MANY NEW YORKERS, WITH PROUD SYMKARIAN ROOTS.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE EVERY ONE OF 'EM SHOWED UP TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THEIR BELOVED MAYOR!

UNBELIEVABLE.

WHAT WAS THAT?

I WAS ADMIRING YOUR FAIR CITY, MAYOR JAMESON. THE SIGHTS HERE ARE QUITE--

--UNBELIEVABLE.

I DON'T MEAN TO IMPOSE, BUT THIS ROUTE IS SECURE, CORRECT?

BY THE *BEST* TRAINED POLICE AND SECRET SERVICE IN THE WORLD!

ACTUALLY...

...I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT HONOR BELONGS TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

HIGH ALERT. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.

I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

HOGWASH! *NOTHING* SLIPS BY UNDER MY MEN'S--

--WATCH?

HOW MUCH TIME DO WE HAVE?

TEN MINUTES, FLAG SMASHER. MORE THAN ENOUGH TO GET CLEAR OF THE BLAST.

AND ANY FALL-OUT.

OR AMPLE TIME FOR ME TO DISABLE IT.

WITH PLENTY LEFT OVER FOR A GOOD THRASHING.

SILVER SABLE. YOU IMPERIALIST WITCH.

ANARCHIST! YOU AND YOUR TERROR CELL MUST ANSWER FOR *MANY* CRIMES AGAINST SYMKARIA!

I SWEAR, I'LL SEE YOU BROUGHT BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL COURTS.

GAKK

UNDER WHAT AUTHORITY?! I DON'T RECOGNIZE *ANY* NATION!

WUMP

JUST AS NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE SYMKARIAN FROM AMERICAN--

--WHEN THOSE EXPLOSIVES REDUCE EVERYONE ON THIS BLOCK TO *ASH!*

NEVER!

EASY THERE, SMASHY MCSMASHERSON.

YOU ALMOST MUSSED UP SILVER'S HAIR. SHE HATES THAT.

THANK YOU, SPIDER. I'M GLAD I SPOTTED YOU EARLIER.

I'VE LEARNED WHEREVER YOU GO, TROUBLE IS BOUND TO FOLLOW.

THAT'S ME ALL OVER.

WHAT? THIS KNOCKOFF? LOOK, RIGHT HERE. IT SAYS "*MADE IN CHINA.*"

NEXT TIME? BUY AMERICAN!

HOW--HOW ARE YOU *DOING* THAT?! MY ROBOT ARM HAS THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN!

STOP IT! ALL NATION STATES MUST *FALL!*

SKRZTH

REALLY? HAVE YOU BEEN TO MY *FAVORITE* STATE?

THE STATE OF UNCONSCIOUS-NESS!

DYUHH!

STOP PLAYING WITH HIM. I HAVE WORK TO DO.

THESE IMBECILES HAVE NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF YIELD THIS BOMB HAS. IT COULD WIPE OUT MOST OF MANHATTAN.

GRADY? DID YOU CATCH THAT?

YEAH. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. WE STILL HAVE ELEVEN HOURS TO GO. THAT CAN'T BE THE SOURCE OF THE BLAST.

YOU GOT A BETTER ANSWER?

QUIET. THIS DEVICE IS *VERY* AMATEURISH. EITHER OF THESE LEADS COULD SET IT OFF. HAVE TO PICK THE RIGHT ONE. AH. YES...

...THIS WIRE.

DON'T!

OH REALLY?

I THINK OF THE TWO OF US, I HAVE FAR MORE EXPERIENCE IN DISARMING EXPLOSIVES.

YEAH?

WELL IF IT IS A FIFTY-FIFTY CHOICE, I SAY YOU GO WITH THE GUY...

...WITH SPIDER-SENSE!

FONK

BOOP

HA! AND THE DAY IS SAVED...

88:88

...COURTESY OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR-HOOD--

NOBODY!

FOR NEW YORK'S SAKE, THIS IS *CLASSIFIED!*

LONG AS I'M MAYOR, NO ONE WILL KNOW A NUCLEAR DEVICE WAS SMUGGLED INTO MY CITY!

SO *NO* TICKER-TAPE PARADE THEN?

WHY YOU GRAND-STANDING--

SPIDER...

SABLE?

ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF SYMKARIA, PLEASE ACCEPT *THIS* REWARD.

MMPH!

SPIDEY? YO?

WE GET CUT OFF?

HEY, GRADY. WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

SOME OF THE GUYS SAID YOU BLOCKED OFF PART OF THE THINK TANK.

BELLA.

IT'S SORT OF AN... EXPERIMENT.

GOTTA KEEP THE AREA STERILE. CAN'T RISK ANY CONTAMINATION.

IS IT BIOLOGICAL? THAT'S MY AREA OF EXPERTISE. MAYBE I COULD HELP?

I WANNA TELL YOU, BELLA. BUT THIS THING IS...

...REALLY COMPLICATED.

CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION

WHAT? YOU THINK I *WOULDN'T* UNDERSTAND? YOU KNOW I'M A GENIUS *TOO*, RIGHT?

IT'S NOT LIKE THAT.

IT'S JUST, I'D NEED A WHOLE *DAY* BEFORE I COULD EVEN WALK YOU THROUGH THE--

WHATEVER.

BELLA I DIDN'T MEAN... I ACTUALLY THINK YOU'RE REALLY... NEVERMIND.

SORRY, GRADY. I HEARD.

YEAH. YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. TIME TRAVEL, KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE, THIS'S DANGEROUS STUFF.

I KNOW. BUT WHAT I DON'T GET IS...

...THE PARADE, SILVER SABLE, THE MAYOR--IT'S ALL HERE IN TOMORROW'S PAPER. BUT NO MENTION OF YOU, FLAG SMASHER OR A BOMB.

JONAH MUST'VE CALLED IN SOME FAVORS AND HAD IT PULLED--

WAIT!

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! HANG ON!

Music Hall

PRESEN

MARVEL

KNOCK. KNOCK.

SPIDER-MAN. IT'S BEEN A WHILE. HOW CAN I HELP YOU, SON?

The Office of Joe Robertson.

PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY BUGLE

HEY, ROBBIE. I NEED A *BIG* FAVOR.

ANY TIME I DO SOMETHING TODAY I NEED YOU TO REPORT IT IN THE PAPER. YOU *CAN'T* LEAVE *ANYTHING* OUT!

IT'S VERY IMPORTANT FOR TOMORROW THAT I KNOW *EVERY-THING* I DID TODAY.

WHAT?

SPIDEY, YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS. IT'S NOT HELPING.

MADAME WEB?

WHERE DID *SHE--?*

YOU HAVE THE PAPER YOU HAVE. THIS WON'T CHANGE IT...

...BECAUSE IT'S FROM A *GOOD* FUTURE THAT *ALREADY* HAPPENED.

ALL *THIS* WOULD DO IS CREATE A *DIFFERENT* PAPER THAT YOU *WOULDN'T* SEE UNTIL TOMORROW--

--THAT'S *IF* WE'RE NOT ALL DEAD. WHICH IS THE PATH WE'RE STILL ON.

DEAD?

BLARG.

MAN, I HATE TIME TRAVEL. *SO* MUCH.

SORRY, JOE. JUST FORGET I WAS EVER HERE.

THAT'S ACTUALLY GOOD ADVICE, MR. ROBERTSON.

FOR ALL OF OUR SAKES, IT'D BE BEST IF YOU COULD PRETEND THE LAST THREE MINUTES NEVER HAPPENED.

GOOD DAY.

WHAT?!

COME ON!

YOU JUST ATE UP TIME TRYING TO CHANGE A PAPER--

--FOR A *SIDE* CONTINUITY?! HELLO!

"SIDE CONTINUITY?"

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. IS HE ON THE DEFENDERS?

DON'T YOU WATCH DOCTOR WHO?

FINE. BACK TO THE FUTURE 2. THE MIDDLE PART.

GOTCHA. OKAY, NEW PLAN. WE'VE GOT ABOUT NINE HOURS...

KEEP THAT DOORWAY OPEN. AND KEEP AN EYE ON "BAD TUESDAY."

AND DO *WHAT* EXACTLY?

TELL ME IF THERE'S ANY CHANGE, NO MATTER HOW SMALL.

I NEED TO KNOW IF WHAT I'M DOING IS WORKING.

ALL RIGHT. SO WHAT *ARE* YOU DOING?

EVERYTHING!

I'M GONNA SUPER HERO IT UP LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW!

LITERALLY!

ONE WITH THE WORKS. COMING *BACK* UP.

AND BREATHE.

HWOK!

GRADY? GIMME AN UPDATE.

SORRY. NOTHING. YOUR HEIMLICH MANEUVER DID NOT SAVE THE FUTURE.

YAHH!

GRRLURR

BAD KITTY! HERE, YOU CAN HAZ WEB-BURGER!

GRADY? WHATCHA GOT?

ZIP. ZILCH. ZERO. NADA.

DAMN!

HOLD ON. I JUST WANT TO GET THIS STRAIGHT.

GUY FROM THE AVENGERS SWINGS IN. CAPTURES AN ESCAPED TIGER FROM THE CIRCUS. SAVES YOU ALL.

AND *NOBODY* CALLS THIS IN TO THE DAILY BUGLE? REALLY?

MAYOR'S RIGHT ABOUT YOU, MAN. JUST IN IT FOR THE HEADLINES.

THAT'S SAD, YO.

WHOA! WHAT WAS THAT?

STOPPING A CAR-JACKER. DID THAT DO *ANYTHING.*

NO! "BAD TUESDAY" IS NOT GOING AWAY. AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

KRESHH!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I DON'T KNOW!

THAT P.M./A.M. TRICK ONLY WORKS ONCE! AND OUR BONUS TWELVE HOURS ARE ALMOST UP!

I KNOW!

ANY IDEAS AT ALL?!

OUTSIDE OF DIVINE INTERVENTION? I'VE GOT NOTH-- WAIT. I'M GETTING A CALL ON MY PRIVATE LINE.

SHOULD I--?

DUDE! THIS COULD BE THE *MAGIC THING! THIS* CALL OF YOURS WAS *ALWAYS* COMING!

THIS MIGHT BE THE MISSING VARIABLE THAT SOLVES EVERYTHING!

WHATEVER THIS IS-- *TAKE THAT CALL!*

HEY, PETE. IT'S MJ.

JUST FINISHED A LATE NIGHT SHOOT DOWN IN THE FASHION DISTRICT.

THINKING ABOUT GETTING A BITE TO EAT AT THAT DINER YOU LIKE. WANNA JOIN ME?

ONE WAY

SO... NO ONE'S KIDNAPPED YOU? OR STRAPPED YOU TO AN EXPLODING DEATHTRAP OR ANYTHING?

NO. YOU SOUND DISAPPOINTED.

SORRY. I'M KINDA BUSY RIGHT NOW...

IT'S OKAY. I KNOW WHAT YOU DO IS IMPORTANT...

...AND YOU CAN'T ALWAYS SWING THINGS AT THE LAST MINUTE. NO WORRIES.

IT'S NOT LIKE THE WORLD'S GONNA END IF WE DON'T GET PIE AND COFFEE.

...

YOU HAD TO PUT IT THAT WAY, DIDN'T YOU? ALL RIGHT...

"...I'LL BE RIGHT OVER."

WOW! THAT WAS FAST.

I HAD TO CHANGE.

NO. I SAID THAT WAS *FAST*.

RIGHT. SO... PIE?

AND COFFEE.

AND NOTHING ELSE, RIGHT?

NOT REALLY.

BIG SECRET? MAJOR REVELATION?

LIKE WHAT?

I DUNNO. LIKE WHEN AUNT MAY INHERITED THAT NUCLEAR POWER STATION. SOMETHING IN THAT VEIN.

WHAT--? WHAT IS IT WITH YOU TONIGHT?

NOTHING. JUST TRYING TO CUT TO THE CHASE.
YOU IN A RUSH?
NO. TIME'S VALUABLE. YOUR TIME. MY TIME. TIME...IN GENERAL.
UH... MR. P? YOUR WATCH IS BROKEN.
UH-HUH.
TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.
YOU SUPPOSED TO BE SOME-WHERE?
I THINK I'M SUPPOSED TO BE *HERE*, WITH *YOU*. BUT HONESTLY?
I DON'T KNOW *WHERE* I'M SUPPOSED TO BE, OR *WHAT* I'M SUPPOSED TO DO--
PETE? THIS ISN'T WEIRD FOR YOU, IS IT?
WHAT?
HANGING OUT. WITH ME. NO SUPER VILLAINS. NO BETTY, FLASH, OR THE REST OF THE GANG.
JUST YOU. ME. PIE AND COFFEE.
NO. WE'RE GOOD. REALLY.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT *ANYTHING* IN THE PAST. I'M WORRIED ABOUT-- TOMORROW.
I'M NOT.
EVERYTHING'S GOING TO WORK OUT. YOU'LL SEE.
WISH I HAD *YOUR* FAITH, MJ.
YOU *DO*. AND NOT BECAUSE YOU GOT BIT BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER.
BECAUSE I *KNOW* YOU, PETER PARKER. AND I HAVE *FAITH* THAT WHATEVER YOU *ARE* SUPPOSED TO DO...
...YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT.
WHAT *I'M* SUPPOSED TO DO.
NOT SPIDEY.
ME!
OF *COURSE!* MJ, I HAVE TO GO--
SAVE THE WORLD?
NAH. JUST NEW YORK THIS TIME.
GO GET 'EM, TIGER.

SPIDEY?! CHECK IN ALREADY!

3:07!

OH, YOU ARE *REALLY* CUTTING IT CLOSE, MAN!

GRADY!

SPIDER-MAN! FINALLY!

NO, IT'S PETER--

PARKER?! WHERE THE HELL HAVE *YOU* BEEN?

THAT'S *NOT* IMPORTANT NOW. I'VE FIGURED IT OUT!

THERE WAS *ONE* THING I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO TODAY--AND I *DIDN'T* DO IT!

WHAT?!

GRADY, JUST TRUST ME! *SHUT DOWN THE TIME DOOR!*

BUT YOU SAID TO LEAVE IT OPEN. SO WE COULD KEEP LOOKING AT "*BAD TUESDAY*"...

...AND KNOW WHEN WE FIXED IT. AND SPIDER-MAN TOLD ME TO--

FORGET SPIDER-MAN! THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SPIDER-MAN.

IT'S ME! I JUMPED INTO THAT FUTURE. THE FUTURE WHERE I DIDN'T STAY HERE TO CHECK YOUR MATH!

THAT'S WHAT DIDN'T HAPPEN!

AHH!

AND IT DIDN'T CHANGE BACK TO "GOOD TUESDAY" *BECAUSE* WE LEFT THE TIME DOOR *ON!*

THIS DOORWAY HAS THE POWER TO RIP OPEN A HOLE IN *TIME!*

THAT'S WHAT BLEW UP--SCRATCH THAT--*THIS* IS WHAT'S *GOING* TO BLOW UP IN *FORTY SECONDS!*

TURN IT OFF, GRADY! **NOW!**

OOOOOOOKAY...

HERE GOES.

KLIK

THAT'S THE BREAK ROOM AGAIN. THE ONE HERE IN THE PRESENT.

SO... HOW DO WE KNOW?

ARE WE GETTING THE GOOD FUTURE? OR THE BAD FUTURE?

GUESS WE FIND OUT LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE. WHEN IT GETS HERE.

IN TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN...

...SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE...

DUDE! YOUR WATCH!

THE "*BAD TUESDAY*" WATCH!

IT TOTALLY BACK-TO-THE-FUTURED! IT DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE!

THAT WAS ***AWWWESOME!*** WE DID IT!

SCIENCE HIGH FIVE!

SMEK

WELL, TECHNICALLY...

...WHAT WE DID WAS ***NOT*** BLOW UP MANHATTAN. BUT, YEAH, I'LL COUNT THAT AS A WIN.

CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION

CALL MARY JANE WATSON.

MJ, WHEN YOU GET THIS, IT'S ME. EVERYTHING WORKED OUT. THANKS FOR THE TIP.

I'M AT HORIZON. HAVE TO HELP A FRIEND PUT AWAY AN EXPERIMENT. SHOULD TAKE ABOUT SIX HOURS. THINK YOU'D BE UP FOR BREAKFAST? SAME PLACE?

CALL BELLA FISHBACH.

THIS IS GRADY. SORRY ABOUT BEFORE. I ACTUALLY COULD REALLY USE YOUR HELP ABOUT NOW...

SO THE "*BAD TUESDAY*" WATCH WENT WHOOSH. BUT THE "*GOOD TUESDAY*" PAPER'S STILL HERE, 'CAUSE, WELL...

...IT STILL HAPPENED. WEIRD, RIGHT?

THAT IS *SO* COOL. YOU *HAVE* TO LET ME SEE THAT.

WELL, TECHNICALLY, TODAY IT'S JUST A NORMAL NEWSPAPER. LIKE ALL THE REST.

NO. PHYSICALLY, ALL THE PAPER AND PULP IS *ONE* DAY OLDER.

GOD, I HATE TIME TRAVEL.

GOOD. YOUR FEVER BROKE.

FINALLY! CAN I GO OUTSIDE.

SURE. FRESH AIR WILL DO YOU GOOD. BUT THIS TIME, BUNDLE UP. IT'S GONNA SNOW.

NUH-UH. THE NEWS SAID--

Astoria.

HOME TO MADAME WEB AND HER DAUGHTER, RACHEL.

UGH! REALLY?!

DO YOU *HAVE* TO KNOW *EVERYTHING?*

I'M A PSYCHIC.

YOU'RE MY *MOM.*

SAME THING.

AS SPIDER-MAN AND AN AVENGER, I ALWAYS KNOW THERE MIGHT NOT BE ANOTHER TOMORROW.

MAYBE I'VE GOTTEN TOO USED TO THAT. SOMETIMES IT HELPS TO SEE IT ALL THROUGH A FRIEND'S EYES--

--AND REALIZE THAT EVERY DAY'S A CHANCE TO MAKE SOMETHING HAPPEN.

SO, BELLA? WANNA HANG OUT WITH ME TODAY?

THERE'S SKATING IN BRYANT PARK. BOCCE BALL IN WASHINGTON SQUARE. WINE TASTING IN SOHO.

SURE. HOW D'YOU KNOW ALL THAT?

IT WAS IN TODAY'S PAPER.

MAX!

MR. MODELL, IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

HEY, LIKE THE NEW WATCH.

PETER. GRADY. BELLA.

DEFINITELY ONE OF A KIND.

YES. YOU SAID THAT YESTERDAY.

SORRY. HAVING A HARD TIME KEEPING IT ALL STRAIGHT.

WHAT A VERY STRANGE BOY...

...STILL, GUESS THE MIND OF A GENIUS WORKS IN STRANGE WAYS.

YOU'RE KIDDING.

HOLD ON.

WHERE'S MY PAPER?

DAILY BUGLE

NOPE. WATCH...

...AND PREPARE TO BE AMAZED!

The End

OR TO BE CONTINUED... LAST ISSUE YOUR PICK.

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

ELLIE PYLE
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DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

Folks, as we get this issue out it's the beginning of January and we're fresh back from the holiday with many books to get to print. Ellie and I are tanned and rested, but extra swamped with getting books out, so no letter column this time. However please keep your comments rolling it at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM.

NEXT:

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #679.1!

ALSO THIS MONTH IN MARVEL NEW YORK:

AVENGING SPIDER-MAN #4

DAREDEVIL #9

PUNISHER #8

AVENGERS VS X-MEN

MARVEL

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MARVEL .1

679.1

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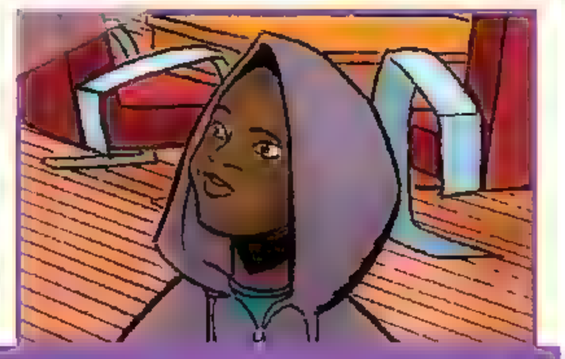
HORIZON

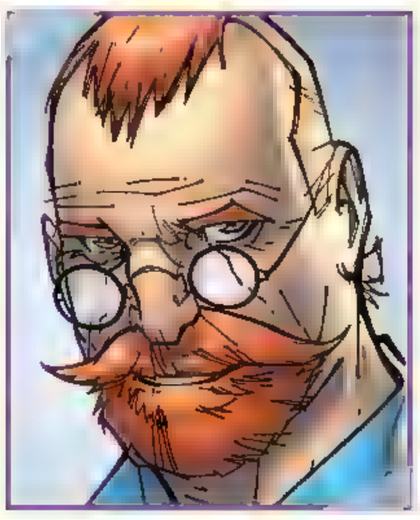
@UatuJackson WATCHES



FOLLOW MY LAB PARTNERS!

Privacy Setting: Parental Controls Active

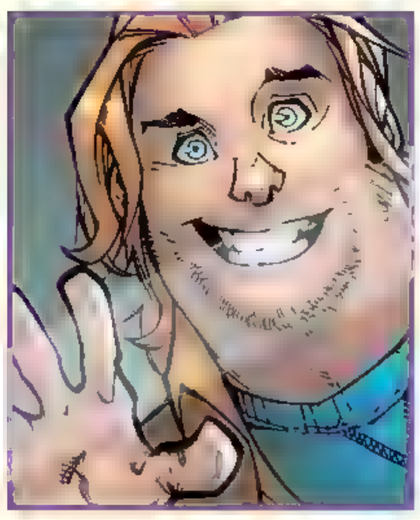
So as you all know, I work at Horizon Labs which is this awesome think tank where we spend all day coming up with ideas for amazing inventions and then making them. It's way better than school. There are only seven spots and the people who have them are some of the best scientists in the world so I thought you might want to know where to find them:



MAX MODELL

BLOG NAME:

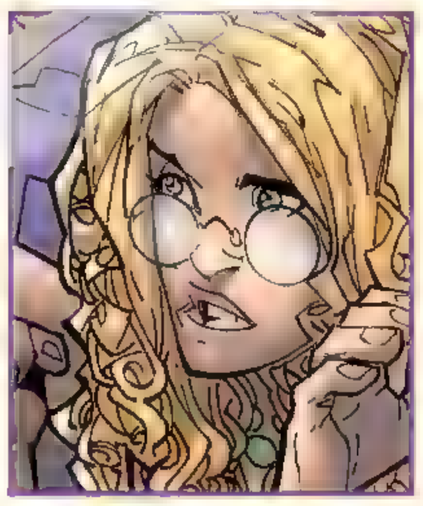
Unknown, but you can find all kinds of stuff about him on the main Horizon Labs site. He's the boss, not one of the seven.



GRADY SCRAPS

BLOG NAME:

SCRAPS BOOK



BELLA FISHBACH

BLOG NAME:

RINGIN' THE BELLA

SAJANI JAFFREY

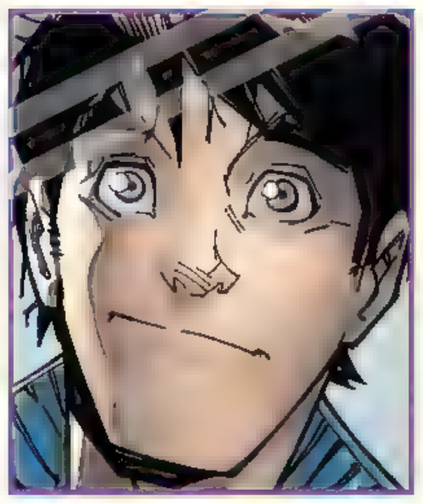
BLOG NAME:

CENSORED

JURGEN MUNTZ

BLOG NAME:

JURGEN'S NOTION



PETER PARKER

BLOG NAME:

He says he doesn't have time for one. (Lame!)

?

WHOEVER IS IN LAB SIX

NO ONE KNOWS who he/she is

(If you're 6 and you're reading this, send me an email and I'll add you!)

ARCHIVE

2011

January
February
March
April
May
June
July
August
September
October
November
December

2010

January
February
March
April
May
June
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August
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December

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MATTHEW CLARK - PENCILS
TOM PALMER - INKS
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Horizon Labs.

WEEKS AGO, DURING SPIDER-ISLAND

MY NAME IS UATU JACKSON, AND THIS...

...THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

THE END

EVERYONE IN NEW YORK HAS BEEN INFECTED WITH A WEIRD SPIDER-VIRUS. IT'S LIKE SOME KINDA MONSTER-MOVIE.

AND ALL OF US GENIUSES AT HORIZON ARE TRYING TO COME UP WITH THE CURE. *EVEN* OUR RESIDENT *SECRET* GENIUS.

BUT THAT'S NOT THE COOL PART.

THE COOL PART IS THAT *HE'S* HERE.

"HE"? WHO'S HE?

ONLY THE GREATEST LIVING SCIENTIST ON THE PLANET!

HE AND MAX ARE IN NUMBER SIX'S LAB *RIGHT NOW!*

NUMBER SIX IS THE *MYSTERY MAN* WHO'S BEEN WORKING HERE FOR MONTHS. WHO IS HE? ONLY OUR BOSS, MAX MODELL, KNOWS. AND HE ISN'T TELLING.

STEPHEN HAWKING? ZOMBIE ALBERT EINSTEIN? IT COULD BE ANYONE.

BUT EVEN THAT ISN'T THE COOL PART. THE OTHER PERSON IN THAT LAB, THE REASON I'M STANDING HERE WAITING...

...IS MISTER FANTASTIC.

MY PARENTS ARE THE FANTASIC FOUR'S BIGGEST FANS.

BUT HERE I AM, WORKING AT HORIZON, DOING SCIENCE, CHANGING THE WORLD. AND TODAY, HELPING SAVE IT.

ALL AT THE SIDE OF MISTER FANTASTIC...WHO'S CONSULTING WITH NUMBER SIX.

...

MAYBE NUMBER SIX *IS* THE COOL PART. WHY THE BIG SECRET, I WONDER--

MAN! I WISH MISTER FANTASTIC WOULD TAKE MY BLOOD.

BUT I WASN'T INFECTED.

OUR NEW GUY, PETER PARKER, WAS, THOUGH. HE'S *SO* LUCKY!

Downtown Manhattan.

THIS VERY MINUTE

MY NAME IS PETER PARKER, AND THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

THAT'S WHAT I TRIED TO CONVINCE MYSELF OF THIS MORNING, AND I IMMEDIATELY JINXED IT.

THW

I SAID, "TODAY, THERE WON'T BE ANY CRIME, NO SUPER VILLAINS, NOTHING WILL EXPLODE..."

I WOKE UP EARLY, I GOT BAGELS FOR THE CREW AT HORIZON, AND IMMEDIATELY GOT ATTACKED BY A RABID PIGEON.

IN RETROSPECT, I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE WALKED.

NO! STAY POSITIVE!

ALL THE SPIDER-INSANITY IS OVER. TIME FOR A LITTLE PETER PARKER TIME. I LOVE MY JOB.

MY OWN LAB, ALL THE SCIENCE TOYS I COULD WANT, THEY ACTUALLY *PAY* ME, AND BEST OF ALL...

...EASY ACCESS AS SPIDER-MAN.

A LITTLE REWIRING HERE, SOME BYPASSING THERE... MY OWN LITTLE PRIVATE SECURITY DOOR, JUST FOR ME.

Lab 7.
WORKPLACE OF PETER PARKER.

LIFE IS GOO-

BZZZ! BZZZ!

AND OF COURSE. SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR, MID-COSTUME CHANGE. I DID JINX IT.

OH, HI, UATU. WHAT'S UP?

I HEARD A NOISE INSIDE YOUR LAB, BUT NEVER SAW YOU COME IN. WHAT TIME DID YOU GET HERE?

UM. SEVEN?

I WAS HERE AT SIX.

ARGH.

SEVEN... LAST NIGHT? BECAUSE I SLEPT HERE.

FOR REAL? I WISH MY MOM WOULD LET ME DO THAT.

YOU SAID YOU WANTED ME TO CHECK THE MATH ON YOUR EXPERIMENT.

DID I?

DID I? I MEAN YES, OF COURSE. COME ON IN, IT'S OVER HERE.

BSU

SO, YOU WORK IN YOUR UNDERWEAR. BLARE MUSIC SO LOUD YOU CAN'T HEAR EXPLOSIONS. AND SLEEP IN YOUR LAB.

ARE YOU HOME-LESS?

WHAT? NO!

GIRLFRIEND KICK YOU OUT?

NO...YES... WELL, I MEAN...THAT'S PERSONAL.

SORRY. YOU PROBABLY DON'T HAVE A GIRLFRIEND. WE SHOULD HANG OUT. DO YOU LIKE HORROR MOVIES?

I DON'T REMEMBER GETTING OLD.

WHOA, SPIDER-SENSE GOING--

ZZT!

SUK!

WHOA!

AAHH!

ARE YOU OKAY?!

YEAH...YEAH, IT'S NO BIG DEAL. JUST A SCRATCH. I GOT DISTRACTED...

WHAT *IS* THIS THING, ANYWAY?

IT'S...WELL, IT'S GOT PLENTY OF PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

LIKE SKINNING THE RHINO.

JUST A SCRATCH... BECAUSE MY SPIDER-SENSE WARNED ME. OTHERWISE I'D HAVE LOST A HAND.

JUST A LITTLE BLOOD.

YOU MOVE PRETTY FAST.

YEARS OF PRACTICE DODGING BULLIES IN SCHOOL.

YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT WITH YOU.

A LITTLE BLOOD NEVER HURT ANYTHING, RIGHT?

Lab 6.

SNIFF

The Next Day.

WORKING WITH PARKER AGAIN TODAY ON HIS WEIRD MYSTERY CUISINART. I MAY BE ABLE TO INTEGRATE SOME OF IT INTO MY WORK ON...

MAKE SURE YOU EAT YOUR LUNCH!

MOOOOOOMMMM!

WORKING WITH UATU AGAIN TODAY ON MY ANTI-RHINO GIZMO. DE-RHINO-ER? RHINO-OFF? I'M BAD AT NAMES.

WAIT. I FORGOT MY LUNCH.

MAX MODELL. COMING OUT OF LAB 6 AGAIN. HE DOESN'T LOOK HAPPY.

I WANT TO NOT BE HAPPY IN LAB 6, TOO! MAN, THIS IS UNFAIR!

HUH. SPIDER-SENSE. NOT REALLY TINGLING, MORE LIKE ITCHING. AND RIGHT OUTSIDE LAB 6.

THERE'S SOMETHING DANGEROUS IN THERE... AND BECAUSE I'M AN IDIOT, MY FIRST INSTINCT IS TO GET *CLOSER* TO IT.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THERE?

SOMETHING AWESOME, I BET.

WHAT IS GOING *ON* IN THERE?!

SOMETHING HORRIBLE, I BET.

Lab 7.

THAT...IS CREEPY. AND IT'S COMING FROM LAB 6.

OKAY. FOR REAL. WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHO'S IN THERE.

AGREED.

SKRTCH! SKRTCH!

OOOKAY. I'M PRETTY SURE THE GUY IN LAB 6 IS *NOT* DOCTOR OCTOPUS.

OR BEAST.

WHAT ABOUT *EVIL BEAST?*

WHAT?

FLOW CHART...

DR. MICHAEL MORBIUS VAMPYRE NO PHOTO AVAILABLE

WHO?

WE CAN'T ELIMINATE *ANYONE!* WHOEVER'S IN THERE, THEY HAVE TO BE *BRILLIANT*, THEY HAVE TO NEED THEIR PRESENCE TO BE A *SECRET*, AND THEY HAVE TO GIVE OFF A WEIRD CREEPY VIBE.

I THINK WE CAN ELIMINATE *ZOMBIE ALBERT EINSTEIN.*

52

THAT'S *SUPER VILLAINS, MUTANTS,* OR THE *UNDEAD.* MAYBE THE SUPERNATURAL.

REALLY?

THAT'S A MISTAKE, MAN. ZOMBIE ALBERT EINSTEIN IS *REAL.*

MORE

THE THING IS, IT'S SOMEBODY THAT MAX *TRUSTS*. I MEAN...IF THEY'RE *DANGEROUS*, WHY WOULD HE BRING THEM HERE?

MAYBE *MAX* IS SECRETLY *EVIL*. MAYBE HE SIGNED UP WITH *A.I.M.*! GRADY SAID NUMBER SIX WAS WEARING A SUIT THAT WAS SUSPICIOUSLY A.I.M.-LIKE WHEN HE SAW HIM.

DOUBTFUL. MAX IS ONE OF THE LEAST EVIL PEOPLE I KNOW. THERE'S SOMETHING WE'RE MISSING...

...

MAX IS POSSESSED.

CATCH.

YEAH, UATU. THAT'S PROBABLY IT.

OKAY, ENOUGH. I CAN'T STAND THIS. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE WITH THE *SECRET IDENTITY* HERE.

I HAVE TO GET IN THERE AND FIND OUT WHO IT IS.

THAP

Lab 6.

MICHAEL?

ARE YOU THERE?

M. MODELL 001

M. MODELL 002

M. MODELL 003

I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME MORE SAMPLES. *MINE*, THIS TIME.

NO NEED TO CALL ATTENTION BY REQUESTING MORE FROM THE BANK.

...THANK YOU, MAX.

MY NAME IS MICHAEL MORBIUS AND THIS IS MY *NIGHTMARE*.

ONE OF MY OLDEST FRIENDS ON THE PLANET IS BRINGING ME, THE *LIVING VAMPIRE*...HIS *BLOOD*.

ALTHOUGH IF YOUR *ARTIFICIAL PLASMA* WORKS, IT WOULD FILL EVERY BLOOD BANK IN THE WORLD. IMAGINE THE *LIVES* YOU'D *SAVE!*

WHAT HE DOESN'T SAY IS THAT IT WOULD PROVIDE A SUBSTITUTE FOR MY OWN CRAVINGS.

CRAVINGS THAT ARE ONLY GETTING *WORSE* AGAIN. BECAUSE OF MY *WEAKNESS*.

SAVE LIVES... YES. BUT THIS CAN DO *MORE*.

THIS PLASMA IS BASED ON THE CURE THAT REED RICHARDS AND I DEVELOPED FOR THE SPIDER-INFESTATION. THE SAME SCIENCE CAN THEORETICALLY BE USED TO CURE A WIDE RANGE OF MUTATED HUMANS.

IT CAN CURE *MONSTERS*.

BUT FIRST, IT HAS ANOTHER JOB TO DO.

I AM A MAN OF SCIENCE. I ABHOR PUTTING MY FAITH IN HIGHER POWERS.

BUT IF ANYONE UP THERE CAN "*HEAR*" THIS...

...PLEASE WATCH OVER ME.

SORRY, UATU. DON'T MEAN TO DITCH YOU IN OUR LITTLE INVESTIGATION, BUT THERE ARE SOME PLACES ONLY A WALL-CRAWLER CAN GO.

AND EVEN THEN...JUST BARELY! HORIZON HAS THE SECURITY IN THE DUCTS AROUND LAB 6 CRANKED TO *ELEVEN!*

BOY, MAX MODELL *REALLY* DOESN'T WANT ANYONE NEAR HIS SECRET LITTLE PLAYMATE...

WAIT! MAX IS IN THERE WITH NUMBER 6?

WHAT'S GOING ON?

NYEAAAAAH!

MICHAEL? WHAT'S HAPPENING? TALK TO ME!

OH, NO.

MICHAEL?

NO. IT CAN'T BE--

IT'S NOT WORKING...IT... IT'S GETTING *WORSE!*

THE HUNGER!

BLOOD.

I'M SORRY.

MAX'S VOICE FADES OUT. THE WORLD LOSES ALL COLOR. NOTHING MATTERS ANYMORE.

NOTHING EXCEPT THE BLOOD.

MAX... RUN.

WHAM

HORBIUS!

GET AWAY FROM HIM!

UHN!

SPIDER-MAN?!

NO! NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!

LOOK AT HIM, HE'S TOTALLY LOST IT, HE'S AFTER BLOOD--

HSSS!

AAAH!

BONK!

OOOF!

THE BLOOD... THE SCENT IS SO STRONG, I NEED IT...I HAVE TO HAVE...

KSSHH!

MAX'S BLOOD.

THAAAAT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

SPIDER-MAN, DON'T! HE'S NOT IN CONTROL OF HIS--

RUN!

RRRRRAAAAA!

CRASH!
THUD!
SHUNK!
?
HSSSS!!
GET! OFF!!
BOOM!
WAAAHH!
AIIEE!
VAMPIRE!
GREAT. THE CAFETERIA. RIGHT BEFORE THE LUNCHTIME RUSH.
HEY... WATCH IT... HEY!
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
SPIDER-MAN'S HERE AGAIN! AND HE'S--HE'S FIGHTING A--
A WHAT?! WHAT'S HE FIGHTING?
VAMPIRE!
FINALLY!

I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS ALL MY LIFE.

AS A SCIENTIST, I SEEK *KNOWLEDGE*. I SEEK TRUTH. I MAKE OBSERVATIONS, PROPOSE THEORIES, AND THEN PERFORM EXPERIMENTS TO TEST THEM.

BIG DAMN HERO

GHOULS

WEREWOLVES

ZOMBIES

BUT THE FIELD OF STUDY I'M MOST INTERESTED IN, IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU GET A CHANCE TO TEST YOUR THEORIES ON EVERY DAY.

OR EVER.

I'VE EVERY *BOOK*, READ EVERY *REPORT*, AND HAVE SEEN EVERY *MOVIE* THAT EXISTS ON THE SUBJECT.

YOU SEE, MY FIELD OF STUDY IS *MONSTERS*.

BIG DAMN HERO

AND I HAVE SPENT MY LIFE DESIGNING WAYS TO TAKE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM DOWN.

Lab 5.

UATU JACKSON'S MONSTER FIGHTIN' H.Q.!

THIS IS CRAZY! THE LAST TIME I RAN INTO MORBIUS, HE WAS TRYING TO CURE A WEREWOLF! I GAVE HIM A BUNCH OF MY BLOOD!

WHICH, IN RETROSPECT, WAS PROBABLY A BAD MOVE. BECAUSE HOWEVER MUCH I GAVE HIM...

IN ASM #622

...LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS *MORE*.

DON'T HURT HIM!

STOP THIS! WE HAVE TO *HELP* HIM!

HE'S HAVING A REACTION TO THE *MIMETIC SOLUTION!* HE'S NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

BLOOOD!

WHOA!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU AND YOUR BEARD, BUT MORBIUS ISN'T THE ONE I'M WORRIED ABOUT! HE'S COMING AFTER *YOU!*

UHN!

OR ME.

HE COULD BE COMING AFTER ME.

FORGOT...HOW STRONG...HE IS... HAVE TO...

HEY, NOSFERATU!

?

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME...

UATU?!

ALL THAT STUFF I SAID A FEW WEEKS AGO ABOUT THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE? FORGET THAT.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET VAN HELSINGED!

GROK!

THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

ZZZZZT!!

ARGHHH!

UH, HEY. UATU, RIGHT? UATU JACKSON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

RELOADING.

WHOA, WAIT. HE'S NOT A REAL VAMPIRE. YOU CAN'T KILL HIM!

KILL HIM? NO WAY. I'M GONNA CAPTURE IT SO I CAN *STUDY* THE THING.

WHAT? NO, LOOK...HE'S A LITTLE OUT OF CONTROL AT THE MOMENT, BUT--HEY, ARE THOSE *U.V. LIGHT STICKS?*

YEAH. I'VE GOT *LIGHT GRENADES*, TOO. YOU WANT THEM?

...CAN I?

I AM GOING TO GET SO MANY PATENTS OUT OF THIS.

MAN. I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF SOME OF THIS STUFF.

LET'S DO THIS!

THOK!
WHOA!
MORBIUS! YOU HAVE TO GET IT TOGETHER! THIS LOOKS BAD! PEOPLE LIKE VAMPIRES THAT *SPARKLE* NOW!
MAX SAID THAT MORBIUS WAS HAVING A REACTION TO A MIMETIC SOLUTION... DID HE TAKE THE SPIDER-VIRUS CURE?
NO...HE MUST HAVE BEEN TRYING TO MODIFY IT. HE'S MAKING A CURE FOR *HIMSELF.*
UV GRENADE, GO!
AAAAH!!
UATU! HE'S GOT A CONTAMINENT IN HIS BLOOD, WE NEED TO BURN IT OUT!
YOUR CROSSBOW...
PAF!
RRAAA!!
NO!
UHN!
NO.
OH, DEAR GOD...A CHILD...
WHAT HAVE I--
YOU THINK I'VE NEVER BEEN BEAT UP BEFORE? MY NAME IS "UATU."
WATCH THIS.
THOK! THOK! THOK!
VZZT!
NYEAAAARGH!
THE BLOOD BANK IS CLOSED!
WHAMM!

ARE YOU OKAY?
NO! "THE BLOOD BANK IS CLOSED?" DID YOU REALLY SAY THAT?
EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.
CAN I TAKE HIM NOW?
NO!
OUT OF THE WAY!
THE SERUM... IT'S OUT OF MY SYSTEM NOW... MAX, I'M SORRY...
MICHAEL, HERE, LET ME HELP YOU. WE'LL GET YOU BACK TO THE LAB.
THE REST OF YOU, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!
THIS IS MICHAEL MORBIUS, AN OLD *COLLEGE FRIEND* OF MINE. HE'S A BRILLIANT *BIOCHEMIST*, AND HAS BEEN WORKING AT HORIZON IN LAB 6 FOR MONTHS NOW.
HE'LL *CONTINUE* TO WORK THERE, AND I EXPECT HIM TO BE TREATED WITH PRIVACY AND RESPECT! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
...DANGEROUS...
...VAMPIRE...
MODELL'S CRAZY...
MISTER MODELL...
PARKER GAVE YOU THE MEANS TO BYPASS MY SECURITY, DIDN'T HE?
WHAT? I--
THIS WAS TOTALLY UNCALLED FOR! YOUR PRESENCE IS WHAT CAUSED ALL THIS!
I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH PETER, BELIEVE ME. BUT JUST SO YOU AND I HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING, SPIDER-MAN, YOU JUST MADE THIS BUILDING'S SECURITY MY TOP PRIORITY.
IF YOU WANT TO *"DROP BY"* HORIZON...
...YOU'LL SIGN IN AT THE FRONT DESK LIKE ANY OTHER VISITOR.
I THINK MY LIFE JUST GOT A WHOLE LOT HARDER.

Lab 6.

THAT NIGHT...

WHAT HAVE I DONE? THE BLOODLUST... IT'S GOING TO CONSUME ME *AGAIN*. I CAN FEEL IT.

SO STUPID

TO LET HUMANS INTO MY LAB, TO BREAK MY EXILE... WHAT WAS I THINKING?

I'VE PUT *EVERYTHING* AT RISK.

NOW I CAN ONLY PRAY TO GET PAST THIS CRISIS AND AVOID ANY MORE TROUBLE.

THE SYNTHETIC BLOOD SUBSTITUTES, THEY'LL KEEP ME ALIVE LONG ENOUGH.

LONG ENOUGH TO ACHIEVE EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN WORKING TOWARD.

THE MIMETIC PLASMA, IT *WILL* WORK. IT JUST NEEDS MORE TESTING.

AND A TEST SUBJECT

THERE YOU ARE, OLD FRIEND.

YES, I'LL BE KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU.

AND WE SHALL PUT THIS TO THE TEST VERY SOON...

...DOCTOR CONNORS.

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL .1

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Welcome back, regular readers and any of you sampling Spidey as part of Marvel's ongoing POINT ONE project. Spidey's 50th anniversary celebration continues as we welcome aboard SCARLET SPIDER writer Chris Yost to co-writing duty for a few issues allowing Dan top keep getting ahead on some big Spider plans for later in the year.

If you haven't tried out Scarlet Spider yet, you are missing what I feel is Marvel's best new book since Daredevil and Punisher launched last summer. Everyone's talking about it, so try one and let us know what you think.

Before we get to your letters, I wanted to say a fond farewell to our fall intern Katii O'Brien (Yes, she spells it that way. She also dots her 'I's with hearts, unicorns and leprechaun dreams.). She's been working behind the scenes collecting reference for the artists and helping Ellie and myself keep the office organized (which is code for making sure my coffee cup is filled!)

As a reward for her hard work, I thought it'd be a fun exercise to give her a few column inches to talk about her experience and what it means to be a college credit earning Marvel intern. Take it away, Katii!

Greetings, Spider-Fans!

Your friendly neighborhood intern Katii here! Simperin' Steve has asked me to put together a little blurb about just what it is I do day in and day out in the famed Spider Office, and since a Marvel intern must always be ready to complete the next mission, let's get cracking!

While interns at other, more boring offices may be constantly filing paperwork or making coffee, I get to read through colored composites of comics for errors (that's fancy-speak for a comic in its final stage before it goes to print), place the word balloons and sound effects on the artwork as a guide for the letterer, and write re-cap pages that go IN AN ACTUAL COMIC BOOK. But sometimes being a Marvel intern is more like being a super hero than an intern…

By writing recap pages, I get to help save you readers from unnecessary confusion! You can check out some of my handiwork in DAREDEVIL #6, which I got to write the recap page for, in addition to a few other books. It's an important job, one that involves reading through recent issues (I know, I know, reading comics can be such a chore) and pulling out the most important plot details (and accompanying pictures!) that will be important to know in the next issue. All of this goes into one fabulous recap that will get you up to speed if you missed an issue or just need a quick reminder of what went down in issues past.

I've also saved the day with spelling and grammar on more than one occasion. You may notice that the words "to be" in the first issue of AVENGING SPIDER-MAN have a space in between, rather than the not-quite-existing alternative "tobe". You are welcome! In all seriousness, it is very important to check each page carefully for typos and other mistakes before it goes to print so that you don't end up with a "Hunan Torch" situation (Because you all read SHAME ITSELF, right?). It's also one of the coolest parts of my job here at Marvel, because I get the inside scoop on what's going on weeks before a comic goes on sale. But don't bother asking, because it's top secret and I'm not tellin'!

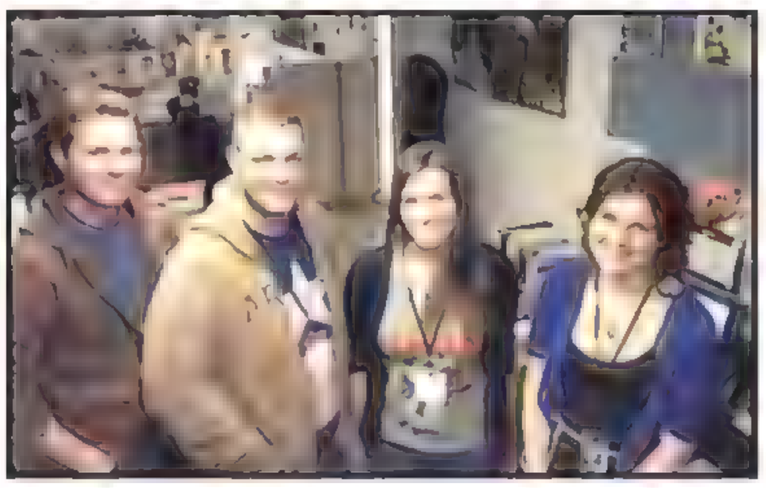
I even got to be Kitty Pryde's official signature in a WOLVERINE AND THE X-MEN letter column. That swirly, girly-looking signature with the heart-dotted "I" is my official contribution to the X-Men, and I can only hope I did Shadowcat proud.

If that's not enough for you, there are other exciting tasks involved too. Important things that keep the office running, like moving my legs out of the way so that our "brilliant" senior editor can get to and from his desk without even a hint of an obstacle! Dare I ask if any of you readers out there are up to the task? Every semester sees a new troop of bright-eyed interns squeaking with excitement, could one of them be YOU?

Alright, alright, maybe super hero is a bit of a stretch, but I can at least be a trusty sidekick, right? Now, I'm off to protect the world from misspellings once more! Back to you, Steve!

Thanks, Katii. And thanks for all your work this semester. I didn't notice you until your last day, but Ellie tells me you were delightful!

And just to give readers some context, here's a picture of Katii and her boyfriend Brandon (along with Ellie and Venom editor Tom Brennan on either end.)



Now let's get to a letter or two…

Dear Steve and Ellie,

This e-mail comes to you a little bit late, but it's important that you and the creative team behind Spider-Island still got to hear from a lifelong Spidey fan.

The first time I stepped foot in New York City was in October 2000. It was an unforgettable experience, as the famous landmarks of the city finally came to life for me after reading all about them in the Marvel comics of my youth. The Twin Towers of the World Trade Center were still around, the billboards on Time Square weren't as gaudy and Spidey was still married to Mary Jane.

Flash forward to October 2011: I arrive in New York City once more. The visit to the 9-11 Memorial was an emotional experience… as all of John Romita Jr's vivid renderings of the devastating tragedy came flooding back. Spidey is now a somewhat swinging single, and I no longer send fan mail via snail mail.

The last two chapters of Spider Island in THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #672 and #673 were published as I made this sophomore journey to New York City, and it couldn't have come at a better time. I was at the Empire State Building taking in the sights in the afternoon, not knowing what was waiting for me that same evening when I read these two issues back to back.

The two issues read together was a fitting cap to my trip and brought it to a poignant crescendo with Peter and Mary sitting together looking into the Manhattan skyline. It was as much as New York's love letter to Spider-Man as it was mine to the city and to my role model and hero.

The Spider-Island storyline was a fun treat. At first, that was all I had been made it out to be. Until the ending.

It became more than just an entertaining piece of writing and art. It became an instant classic, sitting proudly with the best of Stan Lee, Roger Stern, Tom DeFalco and some of the early Straczynski issues.

So thank you for making my New York holiday last month so much more than just a holiday. I don't think I could have said "I Love New York" in a better way than with these two issues.

Take care of the city, and don't let the bedbugs bite!

Leslie Lee
Singapore

We're very happy you've decided to reignite your letter-hacking, Leslie. The real thanks goes to YOU… and fans like you. All of us in the Spidey office are well aware that we stand on the shoulders of giants who have graced this book with their talent through the years, the writers you mentioned (and many you didn't), are some of the greatest in comics history and we strive each issue to maintain the high standards they've set for Spidey.

And if we screw it up, I have no doubt you'll let us know!

All right, we gotta scram. Back in two weeks with Spidey #680 and the beginning of Spider-Man in…SPAAAAACE!

Viva Kneivel!
Simperin' Steve.

NEXT WEEK!

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
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680

50 YEARS OF SPIDER-MAN

THE GALAXY'S GREATEST SUPER HERO!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SLOTT
YOST
CAMUNCOLI
JANSON
D'ARMATA

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HORIZON

JUERGEN'S NOTION

Privacy setting: Custom – Friends Only

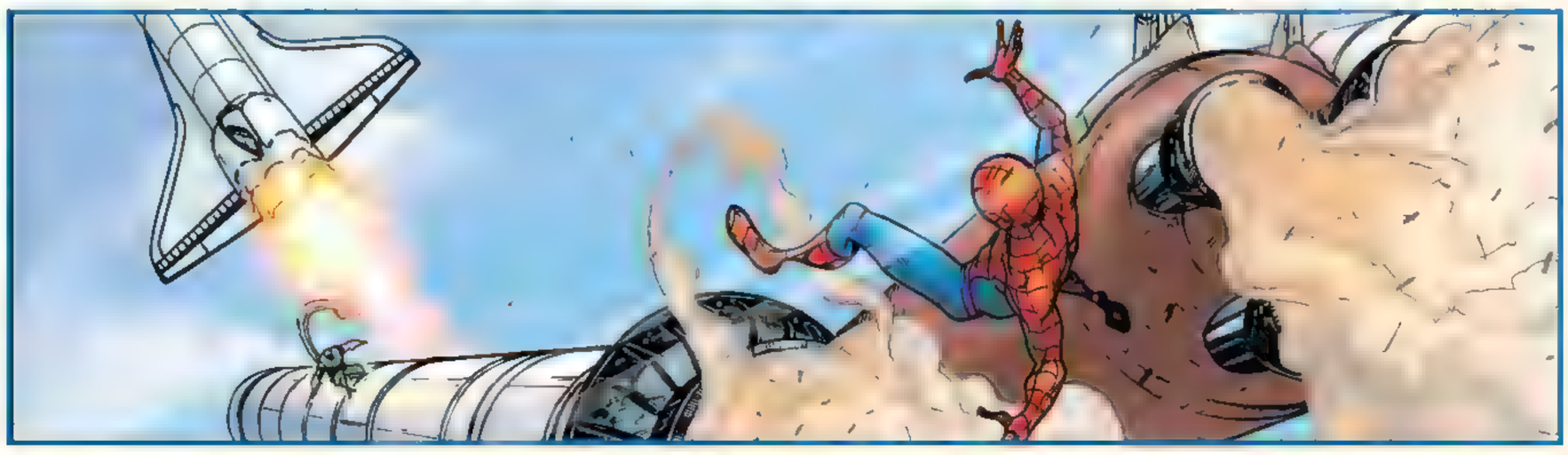
TODAY MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON IS COMING BY THE LAB TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HIS SON COL. JOHN JAMESON ON THE HORIZON SPACE STATION APOGEE 1.

HERE I AM WITH HORIZON FOUNDER MAX MODELL AND OUR NEWEST SCIENTIST PETER PARKER WORKING ON THE SHUTTLE THAT I DESIGNED TO SEND JOHN UP TO APOGEE.

HERE'S COL. JOHN JAMESON WITH MAYOR JAMESON AND THE MAYOR'S FATHER BEFORE THE LAUNCH.

BUT THE LAUNCH DIDN'T GO SMOOTHLY. WE WERE ATTACKED BY AN ARMY OF GIANT BUGS!

FORTUNATELY, SPIDER-MAN SAVED THE SHUTTLE AND COL. JAMESON MADE IT TO APOGEE.



UNFORTUNATELY, LATER THAT NIGHT MAYOR JAMESON'S WIFE MARLA DIED ON SPIDER-MAN'S WATCH.

HOPEFULLY OUR CHECK-IN TODAY WILL GO SMOOTHLY AND WITHOUT INCIDENT.

ARCHIVE

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KLAUS JANSON - INKS
FRANK D'ARMATA - COLOR
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The Apogee 1 Space Station.
IN EARTH'S ORBIT

HORIZON LABS TO COLONEL JAMESON...WE'RE RECEIVING YOU LOUD AND CLEAR...AUDIO AND VIDEO ARE GO.

ROGER THAT, HORIZON. E.V.A. SEVEN MINUTES AND COUNTING. I SHOULD HAVE THIS PANEL OPEN FOR YOU TO LOOK AT IN NO TIME.

UNDERSTOOD. WE'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, JOHN, A SPECIAL VISITOR IN THE LABS TODAY.

SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO SAY "HELLO."

JOHN? IS THIS BLASTED THING ON?!

Horizon Labs.
NEW YORK CITY

DAD?!

HE CAN HEAR YOU, JONAH. AND SEE YOU. HE'S SO LUCKY.

STOW IT, PARKER. I'VE USED SKYPE BEFORE.

FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, I ALWAYS SAW J. JONAH JAMESON AS A BIG, LOUD BLOWHARD WHO ONLY WANTED ONE THING...

...TO MAKE MY LIFE... SPIDER-MAN'S LIFE...HORRIBLE.

BUT EVERY ONCE IN A BLUE MOON, I GET A RARE GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER JONAH...A HUMAN ONE.

HE YELLS BECAUSE HE CARES.

ARE YOU OKAY, JOHN? ARE YOU BEING SAFE UP THERE?

I AM, DAD. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU... TEXTING HAS BEEN GREAT, BUT...

DAD, I'M SORRY I COULDN'T BE THERE FOR MARLA'S FUNERAL. THAT I COULDN'T BE THERE FOR YOU.

YOU'RE UP THERE FOR ALL OF US, SON.

ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME IS THAT YOU GOT UP TO THAT STATION SAFELY... AND THAT YOU COME HOME IN ONE PIECE.

JONAH'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT RECENTLY. HIS WIFE'S DEATH. FALLING OUT WITH HIS FATHER. BECOMING A GIANT SPIDER-MONSTER...

IT'S GOOD TO SEE HIM LIKE THIS.

I'M SORRY FOR ALL THE SCARES I'VE PUT YOU THROUGH, BUT EVERYTHING -KSSH- HERE AT APOGEE HAS BEEN GOING WITHOUT -KSSH- HITCH.

JOHN?

KSHHH!

DAD, CAN YOU--

WAIT! WHAT ON EARTH IS THA--

KSSHHH!

JOHN...

JOHN!

UH-OH.

PETER, SWITCH OVER TO THE SECONDARY RELAY--

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'D HE GO?

WE LOST THE SIGNAL... WE'RE--

LOST THE SIGNAL?! THEN PUSH SOME BUTTONS AND GET IT BACK!

NOW!

MR. MAYOR? JONAH!

WHAT?

THE STAFF AT HORIZON ARE *SPECIALISTS*, THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING. YELLING'S NOT GOING TO HELP.

IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE *MET* ME, MISS GRANT?!

...POINT.

NOW GET TO WORK!

THE OTHER SATELLITES AREN'T PICKING UP THE SIGNAL, IT'S LIKE THE STATION ITSELF STOPPED TRANSMITTING.

NOT POSSIBLE. EVERY SYSTEM ON MY STATION HAS *QUADRUPLE* REDUNDANCY, THE PROBLEM IS ON YOUR END.

JUERGEN, SEE IF YOU CAN ACCESS THE DIAGNOSTIC FEED, IT'S NOT TIED TO THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER...

OF COURSE, *MR. MODELL*... COMING UP NOW...

NO.

REEE! REEE! REEE!

CATASTROPHIC SYSTEM FAILURE IN PROGRESS.

COMMUNICATIONS... NOT RESPONDING.

ELECTRICAL... NOT RESPONDING.

POSITIONING THRUSTERS...NOT RESPONDING.

THIS...THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! THAT STATION IS MY *LIFE'S WORK*, I CAN'T LOSE IT!

TO HELL WITH THAT PILE OF JUNK!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT MY *SON*?!

MODELL! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST BRAINS ON THE *PLANET!*

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS?!

WE'RE WORKING ON IT, JONAH...WE'LL COME UP WITH SOMETHING.

PETER, WHAT ABOUT--

PETER? WHERE DID HE GO?

PARKER? PARKERRRRRR!

HATED LEAVING LIKE THAT, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE JONAH CAN BE ANY *MORE* MAD AT ME.

AND AFTER THE WHOLE MORBIUS THING, I'M NOT MAX'S FAVORITE PERSON RIGHT NOW EITHER.

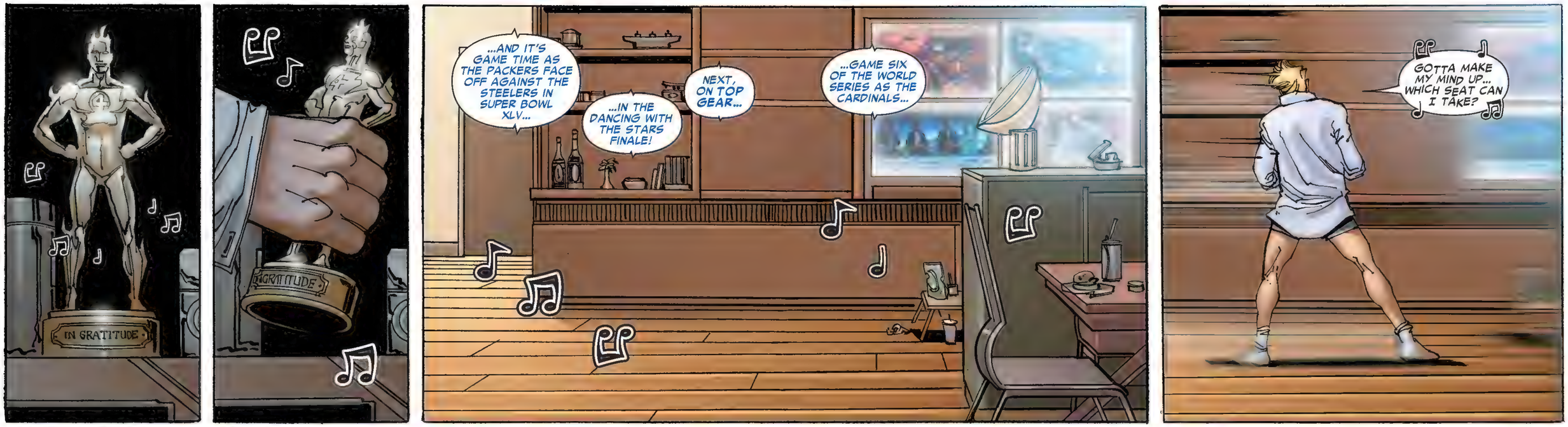
BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE SURE PLACE TO GET HELP WHEN THERE'S A SCIENCE-Y EMERGENCY IN SPACE...

THE BAXTER BUILDING...

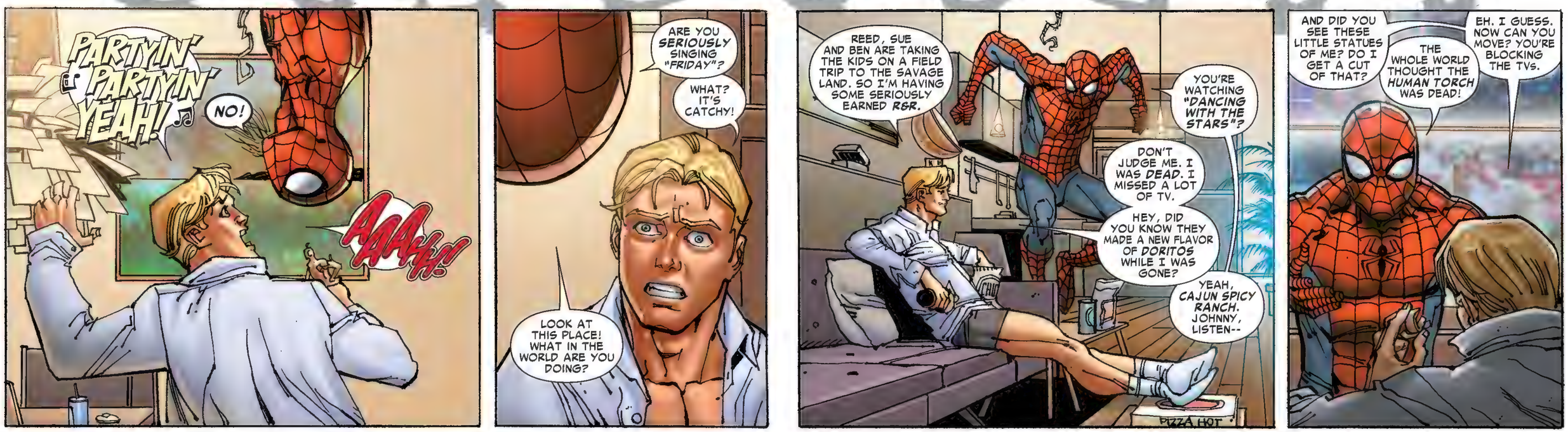
...HOME OF THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* AND THE *FUTURE FOUNDATION.*

AND OCCASIONALLY, ME.

I JUST HOPE SOMEBODY'S HOME.


IN GRATITUDE
GRATITUDE
...AND IT'S GAME TIME AS THE PACKERS FACE OFF AGAINST THE STEELERS IN SUPER BOWL XLV...
...IN THE DANCING WITH THE STARS FINALE!
NEXT, ON TOP GEAR...
...GAME SIX OF THE WORLD SERIES AS THE CARDINALS...
GOTTA MAKE MY MIND UP... WHICH SEAT CAN I TAKE?

IT'S FRIDAY, FRIDAY, GOTTA GET DOWN ON FRIDAY, EVERY BODY'S LOOKIN' FORWARD TO THE WEEKEND, WEEKEND...


PARTY IN' PARTY IN' YEAH!
NO!
AAAAH!!
ARE YOU SERIOUSLY SINGING "FRIDAY"?
WHAT? IT'S CATCHY!
LOOK AT THIS PLACE! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING?
REED, SUE AND BEN ARE TAKING THE KIDS ON A FIELD TRIP TO THE SAVAGE LAND. SO I'M HAVING SOME SERIOUSLY EARNED R&R.
YOU'RE WATCHING "DANCING WITH THE STARS"?
DON'T JUDGE ME. I WAS DEAD. I MISSED A LOT OF TV.
HEY, DID YOU KNOW THEY MADE A NEW FLAVOR OF DORITOS WHILE I WAS GONE?
YEAH, CAJUN SPICY RANCH. JOHNNY, LISTEN--
PIZZA HOT
AND DID YOU SEE THESE LITTLE STATUES OF ME? DO I GET A CUT OF THAT?
THE WHOLE WORLD THOUGHT THE HUMAN TORCH WAS DEAD!
EH. I GUESS. NOW CAN YOU MOVE? YOU'RE BLOCKING THE TVs.

LOOK, THIS IS SERIOUS! I NEED ONE OF THE FF'S ROCKET SHIPS TO GET UP INTO EARTH'S ORBIT.

CAN'T IT WAIT?

NO!

I STILL HAVE ABOUT 700 HOURS OF TV TO--

MARTINEZ WINS DANCING, ***CARDINALS*** BEAT THE RANGERS IN GAME 7, ***PACKERS*** BEAT THE STEELERS, AND THEY'RE STILL AT ***HERSHEL'S FARM.***

...

THIS IS WHY EVERYBODY HATES YOU.

I'LL GET THE KEYS.

AND ***PANTS***, PLEASE.

YOU KNOW WHAT, I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOUR AWFULNESS SPOIL THIS. IT'LL BE ***FUN!***

WE HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO HANG OUT, JUST THE TWO OF US, SINCE I'VE BEEN BACK. IT'LL BE LIKE A ***ROAD TRIP*** OR SOMETHING.

THIS ISN'T A ROAD TRIP! IT'S A ***RESCUE MISSION!***

IT'LL BE BOTH! A ROAD RESCUE TRIP. RESCUE TRIP. A ***ROAD MISSION.***

UGH. AND MAYBE AFTER WE'RE DONE, YOU CAN GO BACK TO THE ***NEGATIVE ZONE.***

HORIZON

JONAH?

I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE SOME COMPANY.

I KNOW HOW YOU MUST BE FEELING, BUT WE'RE GOING TO--

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME.

JONAH...

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW I FEEL. *ANYTHING* COULD HAVE HAPPENED UP THERE, COULDN'T IT?

FOR ALL YOU KNOW, JOHN IS ALREADY *DEAD*.

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THE DANGER YOU'VE PUT MY SON IN.

I NEVER REALIZED, BUT NOW...NOW IT'S CLEAR. HORIZON IS *DANGEROUS*.

NOT JUST TO JOHN, BUT TO *NEW YORK* AND THE REST OF THE *WORLD*. I SEE THAT NOW.

AND NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS HERE TODAY, I'LL *NEVER* FORGET IT. NEVER.

THERE IT IS.

REALLY? THAT'S BORING. LET'S GO TO SATURN.

FOCUS.

THE APOGEE SPACE STATION.

IT'S A LOT BIGGER IN PERSON. BUT WHERE--

THERE HAD BETTER BE *FOOD* UP HERE.

STOP.

AND *GIRLS*.

ARGH.

THERE. JOHN'S *TETHER*, IT'S STILL ATTACHED TO THE STATION...BUT NO SIGN OF JOHN. THIS IS NOT GOOD.

DID YOU TRY THE RADIO?

NOBODY'S PICKING UP.

LET'S GET IN THERE.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, SOMEBODY FLIPS JOHNNY'S SWITCH TO "*SERIOUS*."

HE TRIES TO DOWNPLAY IT, BUT EVERYTHING HE WENT THROUGH WHILE HE WAS GONE...IT CHANGED HIM.

I SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE THE LEAD. I'M A LITTLE MORE USED TO SPACE STUFF THAN YOU.

HEY! SINCE YOU'VE BEEN DEAD, I'VE CLOCKED IN MY FAIR SHARE OF FF ADVENTURES.

OKAY, LET ME REPHRASE. I'M BETTER THAN YOU AT *EVERYTHING*.

AHH...THERE'S THE JOHNNY I KNOW.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THEY HAD *YOU* TRY AND FILL IN FOR *ME*.

IT WAS *YOUR* RECOMMEN-DATION!

WHOA! LOOK AT THAT. ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY SYSTEMS MUST HAVE FAILED, TOO.

REAL MEN DON'T NEED GRAVITY. AND IT WASN'T A RECOMMENDATION. IT WAS A LAST MINUTE *PRANK*.

WHATEVER. REMEMBER THE MESSAGE YOU LEFT BEHIND?

"I LOVE YOU, BRO. PLEASE TAKE MY SPOT!"

I DID *NOT* SAY THAT.

DUDE. I MADE IT MY *RINGTONE*.

I'M NO EXPERT IN SPACE STATIONS, BUT SHOULDN'T THERE BE A *CREW* ON THIS THING?

YEAH, THAT'S NOT A GOOD SIGN, I--

MY *SPIDER-SENSE* IS GOING OFF.

RIGHT, YOUR SPECIAL POWER THAT TELLS YOU WHEN TO BE SCARED.

HA, HA. JERK.

IT'S GETTING STRONGER.

DO YOU HEAR THAT?

TRRTRR TRRTRR

I CAN'T PINPOINT IT.

DON'T YOU GET TIRED OF SUCKING?

TRRTRR TRRTRR

TORCH...

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. YOU'RE WITH *JOHNNY STORM.*

BUT IF THIS IS MORE *BUGS,* I'M GOING TO BE *TICKED.* I'VE HAD ENOUGH BUGS TO LAST ME A LIFETIME.

TRR TRR TRR TRR

OKAY, I'VE WATCHED ABOUT 200 HOURS OF TV IN THE LAST WEEK, SO IT COULD BE ME...

...BUT ARE THE WALLS MOVING?

IT'S NOT YOU. WHAT ARE--?

OHHHH, POOP.

LANGUAGE! HEY, I KNOW THESE THINGS...

YEAH, ME TOO...

OCTOBOTS!

FLAME ON!

MAN, IT'S GOOD TO HEAR THAT AGAIN.

BUT IF THERE'S *OCTOBOTS* ON APOGEE, THAT MEANS DOCTOR OCTOPUS IS BEHIND THIS.

AND THAT MEANS WE'RE IN *BIG* TROUBLE.

OFF! OFF! OFF! GET *OFF!*

TORCH!

YOUR VILLAINS *SUCK*, AND THAT'S A DIRECT REFLECTION ON *YOU!*

WILL YOU SHUT UP AND *LISTEN?!* YOU HAVE TO *FLAME OFF!* YOU'RE BURNING UP *OXYGEN*, AND WE DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH IS LEFT ON THE STATION!

I CAN HANDLE THIS!

WEB ON!

THWIP!

THWIP!

SPLORCH!

WAAA!

NICE MOVES! CAN YOU *FLAIL* AROUND SOME MORE?

SHUT IT!

MY WEBS, THEY'RE NOT...OH, RIIIIIGHT.

NO GRAVITY.

YOU ARE DUMB. NO WEBS, NO FLAMES...WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. NOW YOUR LITTLE STATUTES WILL BE *WORTH* SOMETHING AFTER YOU DIE.

YOU KNOW... *AGAIN.*

ZAARAK! ZAARAK!

CHK

CHK CHK

CHK

DID YOU DO THAT?

NO. DID YOU?

NO. BUT I WAS ABOUT TO SAVE US IN AN EVEN AWESOME-ER WAY.

SPIDER-MAN...HUMAN TORCH...

JOHN?!

COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO *LIVE*.

The Underwater Base Of The Sinister Six.

"OCTAVIUS! WE HAVE A PROBLEM."

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR PROBLEMS, **MYSTERIO.** DEAL WITH IT.

YOU MAY WANT TO **MAKE** TIME FOR THIS... ABOUT A HUNDRED OF YOUR OCTOBOTS ON THE SPACE STATION JUST WENT OFFLINE.

WHAT? NO... **NO!**

I WILL TOLERATE NO DEVIATIONS FROM MY **PLAN.** THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE!

WAIT. THEY'RE BACK ONLINE AGAIN.

TAKE NO CHANCES. FINISH THE OCTOBOTS' MISSION...

...THEN COMMENCE DESTRUCTION OF THE APOGEE 1.

TWENTY MINUTES SHOULD SUFFICE.

DO YOU HAVE ONE OF THESE IN RED?

THEY'RE *PROPELLANT BELTS*, NOT FASHION ACCESSORIES, PRETTY BOY.

LAME.

THEY'LL GET US WHERE WE NEED TO GO IN *ZERO-G*. NOW COME ON...WE HAVE TO HURRY.

WHAT HAPPENED UP HERE, COLONEL?

THE CREW WAS RUNNING *EXPERIMENTS*, DOING THEIR DAY-TO-DAY BUSINESS...I WAS OUTSIDE THE STATION DOING REPAIRS...

...AND EVERYTHING STARTED GOING TO HELL.

THAT PRETTY MUCH DESCRIBES MY DAY, TOO, BUT INSTEAD OF EXPERIMENTS AND BUSINESS IT WAS *TV* AND *FOOD*.

WAY TO *RUIN* IT, WEB-HEAD.

EXPERIMENTS...THAT'S RIGHT. APOGEE WAS CONDUCTING DEEP SPACE TRAVEL TRIALS...*SENSORY DEPRIVATION* AND *SUSPENDED ANIMATION* TANKS FOR A POTENTIAL MISSION TO MARS.

I'VE BEEN HIDING OUT IN THE SHUTTLE, COME ON...THEY HAVEN'T MADE IT THIS DEEP. YET.

HIDING OUT? FROM THE LITTLE ROBOTS? YOUR *BLASTER* SEEMED TO WORK PRETTY WELL.

THE PULSE IS *TEMPORARY*. AND THE ROBOTS AREN'T THE PROBLEM. BEING OUTSIDE WHEN IT HAPPENED... IT WAS A BLESSING.

YEAH, THIS ALL SEEMS PRETTY LUCKY.

WAIT. A "BLESSING"? WHY?

I WAS SPARED, YOU SEE...

SPIDER-SENSE BLARING... THEY'RE COMING...

TRRTRR TRRTRR

AND THEN WE REALIZE WHAT JAMESON WAS TALKING ABOUT.

WHAT HAPPENED...

AWWWW, NUTS.

TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR

WHERE THE CREW WENT...

TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR TRR

AND WHY IT WAS A BLESSING HE WAS OUTSIDE WHEN IT HAPPENED.

THE OCTOBOTS! THEY'VE TAKEN OVER THE APOGEE'S CREW--

--TURNED 'EM INTO *OCTOBOT-ZOMBIES*--

--AND THEY'RE COMING FOR US!

ANY IDEAS, TORCH?

YEAH...

...I HATE YOU.

To Be Continued!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

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Gang, I'm in Burbank, California this week, locked in a room with some of the best writers in the TV and comics biz as we plan out the all-new animated adventures of our wall-crawling superstar. I'm thrilled to be able to tell you that starting April 1, you'll be able to catch "Ultimate Spider-Man" each week on Disney XD--one of the biggest cable channels around.

USM is going to be grouped with season 2 of the hit show "Avengers: Earth's Mightiest Heroes" to form the all-new "Marvel Universe" block of action television.

There have been several fantastic Spider-Man cartoons in the past (including the recently concluded "Spectacular Spider-Man"), but what makes this show different is that for the first time ever, we at Marvel are making the entire thing ourselves. And because it's Marvel, we're throwing as much into this thing as we can....including our Chief Creative Officer Joe Quesada who consults and helps oversee a lot of what goes on in our movies and TV shows, while always making sure everything comes organically from the world we've built in our comics.

USM is being spearheaded by Marvel TV big-wig and award winning comics writer Jeph Loeb (yes, he spells it like that. It's pronounced "Jegh".) If you know Jeph's comic work on books like "Spider-Man: Blue" and "Avengers X-Sanction," you'll know that Jeph's a smart guy who surrounds himself with top talent so he can do as little work as possible. And believe me, the talent on this show is like a comic fan's dream. It includes the head-writing men of Man of Action (Joe Casey, Joe Kelly, Duncan Rouleau, and Steve Seagle), newcomer Brian Michael Bendis who apparently has been writing a knock-off Spider-Man comic called "Ultimate Spider-Man" for the past 12 years, and animation legend Paul Dini, who not only helped create what many consider the best super hero cartoon ever in "Batman: The Animated Series," but who has also written some of the best comics in the past couple decades.

The designs for the show have been worked on by some of Marvel's best, most in demand artists like Ed McGuinness and Paolo Rivera.

And these guys are all backed up and bossed around by two great Marvel Animation whiz-kids Cort Lane and Harrison Wilcox who take all the nutty ideas the writers come up with and work with directors and animators to turn it into an honest-to-goodness show. They not only keep the trains running, they also help drive the train!

This is one heckuva lineup! They could certainly beat the Mets this year if nothing else. If this can't make any down-in-the-mouth nudniks out there happy, then there's no hope for ya!

And here's another scoop! In addition to the new animated shows, Ellie, Tom Brennan and I are busy getting ready to launch two new ongoing comics that feed right into the new shows. Both "Ultimate Spider-Man" and "Avengers: EMH" series start in April with stories by guys you'll recognize like Dan Slott, Chris Yost and those Man of Action dudes. We hope you'll give those a try when you come into the comic store or open the Marvel App on your tablet or phone (or your abacus if you're anything like me.)

So again, Spider-Philes "Ultimate Spider-Man" starts April 1st and I demand that every Spidey out fan out there drop in that night and give the show a look. And don't forget to let us know what you think!

Dear Dan Slott,

You are my favorite comic book writer. I just read ASM #676 and that was the coolest. I've always loved the Sinister Six and I think that Doctor Octopus looks awesome by the way.

My dad and I go to a comic shop and we love your comics. We always buy them. You need to write a comic about Carnage. You guys would make it the best.

Peter McMaster, age 9
Ohio

Thanks, Peter. Sounds like you have a pretty smart dad! As a dad myself, I know that the best way to repay a forward-thinking father like that is to maybe let him sleep in some Saturday morning!!!

Phew...sorry about that...dad instincts kicked in. Anyway if you like Doc Ock you're going to have a great spring as we have the epic "Ends Of The Earth" coming up which stars everyone you like.

And, Peter, could you at least clean up your room without being asked?!

Hello,

I hate when people start out a letter in this manner, but I have been a reader of Spider-man for over 30 years. Many of the people who work for Marvel probably were in diapers then (:-D).
I have read many other Marvel titles as well and I have seen many of your other heroes undergo changes but I am not sure as to why whenever SPIDER-MAN does, you always change him back. When I think of IRON MAN, all of the changes that he's gone thru, in his old comics when something was happening he would literally "walk up" to a scene (he couldn't fly). Now, he is like one with his armor.

The HULK, also walked slowly and he wasn't even that big. Now he leaps across the planet like Mike Powell leaps at the Olympics. He has a healing factor that was never mentioned in those early years.

WOLVERINE was a wild non-thinking runt. Cyclops and Professor X always had to rein him in, control him, get him to wait and let them formulate a plan of action that wouldn't get them killed. Now he's a ninja warrior, an expert in all types of martial arts, and tactician. He's got muscles on top of muscles now.

HAWKEYE was an expert marksman from the start. Now after an altercation with Captain America which led to them sparring somehow even he is an expert in martial arts as well as with all types of weapons.

All of these characters have been allowed to evolve except for Spider-Man. You gave him the alien suit which enhanced his powers. Gone. You gave us "evolve or die" which also enhanced his powers and added a few that he should have had already. Gone. You gave him the Iron Spider costume which AGAIN enhanced his powers. Gone. You then gave him the neon costume which enhanced some of his abilities. (I think there is a pattern here) GONE.

I just don't understand why all of your other heroes can evolve except for this one. Spider-man was birthed in the '60's. He needs to be updated. This is 2012. You can keep the essence of what made him special but he needs to step out of the 1960's.

I'm not sure why I'm writing because I NEVER hear a response back from Marvel but I had to. I hope someone that matters reads this.

Thank you,
Thomas J Tracy Sr.

Thanks for writing, Thomas. There's a constant push and pull with all of our characters to keep them eternal for new readers who are always just discovering the characters but to also have them change and evolve for longtime readers like yourself.

From my perspective Dan has changed Spidey more than any other character we publish over the past few years (certainly since Dan came on board with #648) --and there's more change coming fast quick and dangerously.

But I open it up to you readers out there. What do you think about Spidey's evolution? How drastically should we be changing Spidey? I mean, is it possible Peter Parker's time has come and gone? Maybe it's time for something different... Let us know.

That's all I got. Loeb's calling me to refill his coffee and I better hop to it. We'll see you next week for the conclusion of our interstellar odyssey.

**Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
2/3/12**

NEXT!

ALSO THIS MONTH

SCARLET SPIDER #2

Send e-mail to
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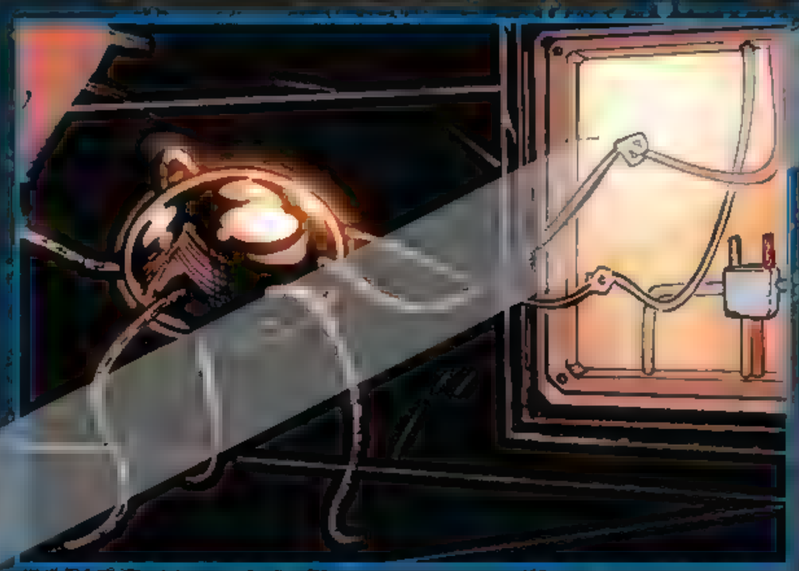
HORIZON

COLONEL'S BLOG

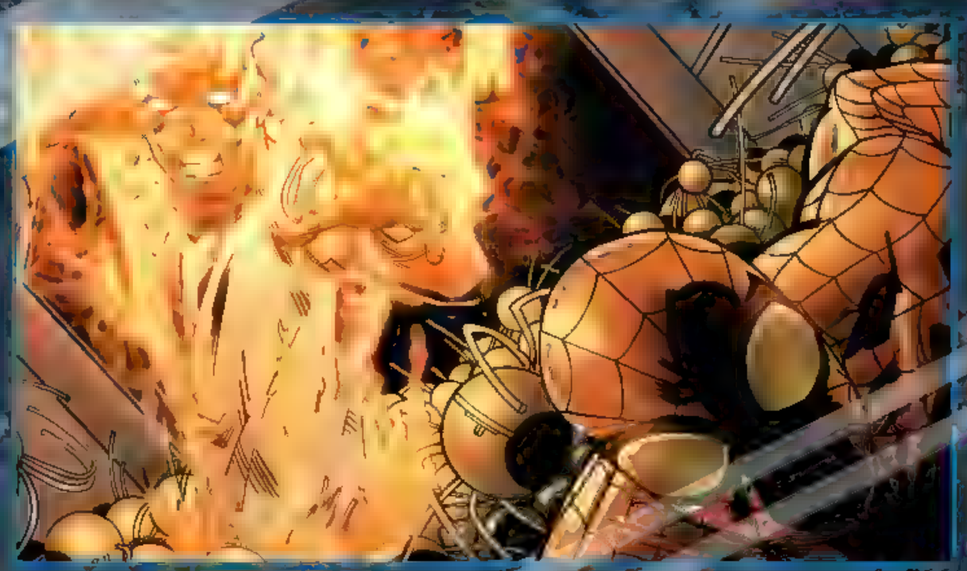
THE HOMEPAGE OF COL. JOHN JAMESON USAF.

OUR MISSION TO CONDUCT DEEP SPACE TRAVEL TRIALS USING SUSPENDED ANIMATION AND SENSORY DEPRIVATION ABOARD THE HORIZON SPACE STATION, THE APOGEE 1 HAS BEEN COMPROMISED.

I WAS OUTSIDE THE STATION DOING SOME REPAIRS WHEN THE STATION'S SYSTEMS WENT HAYWIRE AND I LOST CONTACT WITH THE CREW AND HORIZON ON THE GROUND.



UPON REBOARDING, I DISCOVERED APOGEE HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER BY TINY OCTOBOTS (I BELIEVE THESE STRANGE DEVICES WERE STOWAWAYS ON MY SHUTTLE.)



I ALSO FOUND SPIDER-MAN AND THE HUMAN TORCH (WHO WAS APPARENTLY THOUGHT DEAD UNTIL VERY RECENTLY. NEWS TO ME, I'VE BEEN OFF-WORLD.)

ALL OUR LIVES ARE ON THE LINE NOW, THOUGH, SINCE IT'S JUST THE THREE OF US VERSUS THE ENTIRE CREW—WHO HAVE ALL TURNED INTO OCTO-ZOMBIES!

ARCHIVE

2012
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February

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The Apogee 1 Space Station.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "DON'T HURT THEM"?!

THEY'RE SPACE ZOMBIES! THEY'RE GONNA EAT MY BRAIN!

THEY'RE PEOPLE, NOT ZOMBIES, AND THEY'RE NOT IN CONTROL OF THEIR ACTIONS!

BESIDES, IF THEY WERE GOING TO EAT ANYONE'S BRAIN, IT'D BE MINE, BECAUSE YOURS WOULD BE LIKE EMPTY CALORIES.

HEY! DO YOU TWO WANT TO FOCUS HERE?!

ALL RIGHT, GENIUS...DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?

YEAH...

RUN!

NICE PLAN, STEPHEN HAWKING.

FLAME MOSTLY ON!

JUST SO YOU KNOW, I BLAME YOU FOR ALL OF THIS.

IN A WEIRD WAY, STORM'S *RIGHT.* THIS DOES KIND OF FEEL LIKE MY FAULT.

I REALLY THOUGHT THE HORIZON *SPACE STATION* WAS JUST HAVING A BAD SYSTEMS GLITCH AND WE'D FLY UP IN THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S SHIP AND RESCUE JOHN JAMESON AND THE CREW.

BUT APOGEE 1 AND ITS CREW GOT HIJACKED BY *DOCTOR OCTOPUS.* DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE COMING.

TORCH... *TORCH!*

WHAT?!

YOU HAVE TO *SHUT DOWN* YOUR FLAMES! THE STATION'S AIR SUPPLY IS ALREADY COMPROMISED, AND YOU'RE BURNING OFF THE LAST OF OUR OXYGEN!

TOLD YOU.

UGH, FINE. BUT "*FLAME OFF*" IS AGAINST MY NATURE.

DO YOU HAVE A *REAL* PLAN YET, WEBS? THE KIND AN ACTUAL *SUPER HERO* WOULD MAKE?

HOW ABOUT THIS...

WE GET COLONEL JAMESON ON BOARD THE POGO PLANE, GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE AND CALL THE AVENGERS?

I LIKE IT.

WAIT, AREN'T *YOU* AN AVENGER? WHICH JUST SOUNDS WRONG, BY THE WAY.

WE'RE GONNA NEED *AVENGERS,* PLURAL.

THERE IT IS...COLONEL, WE'LL GET YOU--

HNN! *SPIDER-SENSE* JUST EXPLODED...

COLONEL! TORCH! *GET--*

"BACK."

I WAS GOING TO SAY, "GET BACK."

BUT THERE'S NO GETTING BACK NOW.

MY POGO PLANE.

I *JUST* PUT NEW CHROME 40s ON THE LANDING GEAR.

LUCKILY...IN SPACE, NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU CRY.

REEE! REEE! REEE! REEE!

Horizon Labs, New York City.

HORIZON

EVERYONE PLEASE--

DON'T TELL ME TO KEEP CALM!

THE STATION'S *EXPLODING!* MY SON IS ON THAT THING!

IT'S NOT THE STATION, IT'S A SHIP IN THE DOCKING BAY--

WHICH MY *SON* COULD BE ON!!

JONAH--

NO!

YOU, WITH THE FACE... *TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED RIGHT NOW!*

APOGEE 1 IS FORTIFIED AGAINST...I MEAN, ONLY THE SHIP WAS--

WHAT ABOUT MY SON?!

WAS ANYONE ON BOARD, JUERGEN?

NO...BUT MY STATION... IT'S LOSING ORBIT.

IT'S SUSTAINABLE, BUT...

MODELL... YOU'D BETTER COME UP WITH SOMETHING TO GET MY SON OFF YOUR HEAP OF JUNK.

THERE'S ONE MORE WAY OFF THE STATION, JONAH...

--DIDN'T RISK USING THE SHUTTLE, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW THE OCTOBOTS MUST HAVE GOTTEN ON BOARD.

I FIGURED IT WAS COMPROMISED, BUT GIVEN THAT "PLAN A" DIDN'T GO SO WELL...

YEAH, WAY TO BLOW IT, SPIDEY.

I WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THE SHUTTLE EVENTUALLY.

SUUUURE YOU WOULD HAVE.

OH, NO.

TORCH, IT'S GOING TO--!

OH, COME ON! THIS IS NOT HAPPENING!

THE FLAMES FROM THE EXPLOSION FILL THE HANGAR AND WOULD HAVE BURNED COLONEL JAMESON AND ME ALIVE...

...BUT THE TORCH ABSORBS IT ALL, SAVING OUR LIVES.

OKAY, I'LL ADMIT IT. IT WAS A GOOD MOVE TO BRING HIM ALONG. I *AM* A GENIUS.

I...I GUESS THE SHUTTLE WAS COMPROMISED.

THINK SO?

YOU GUYS OKAY?

YEAH, YOU? YOU LOOK...HOT. AND DON'T TAKE THAT THE WRONG WAY.

NEED TO BURN OFF SOME OF THE HEAT I ABSORBED.

DO YOU NEED TO DO THAT MORE THAN YOU NEED TO BREATHE?

AGAIN WITH THE OXYGEN!

IT'S IMPORTANT!

OCTOBOTS IN THE SHUTTLE DEBRIS... WHAT HAS DOC OCK BEEN DOING UP HERE?

AND WHY?

THE APOGEE I COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY

TNN TNN TNN TNN TNN

TNN

TNN

TNN TNN TNN TNN

BLINK!

BLINK!

BLINK!

HEY, I'M USUALLY A "*GLASS HALF FULL*" KIND OF GUY, BUT IT KINDA SEEMS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO DIE HERE.

YOU ARE *NOT* HELPING HERE, MATCHSTICK.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? WE CAN'T GET OFF THE STATION NOW...THE CREW IS STILL OUT THERE, *HUNTING* US, AND EVENTUALLY WE'RE ALL GOING TO RUN OUT OF *AIR*.

YES, WE'VE GOT SOME CHALLENGES TO OVERCOME BUT--

WAIT... *AIR!*

WE CAN CUT THE AIR ON THE STATION, AND THE OCTO-ZOMBIE-CREW WILL ALL *PASS OUT!*

THEN WE CAN TURN THE AIR BACK ON!

WE COULD USE THE AIR SUPPLY IN SPARE SPACE SUITS UNTIL THE STATION'S AIR IS TURNED BACK ON...

...BUT WE CAN'T GET PAST THE CREW TO GET TO THE ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS.

HORIZON COULD DO IT *REMOTELY*, BUT THE ZOMBIES ARE BLOCKING US FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY, TOO.

COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY? *PLEASE*. I'VE GOT A CELL PHONE DESIGNED BY *REED RICHARDS*. IT'S GOT *GALACTUS* ON SPEED DIAL.

NOW, WHO DO YOU WANT TO CALL?

ARE YOU *REALLY* TAKING A CALL RIGHT NOW, MODELL?

BZZZZ! BZZZZ!

IT'S... IT'S...

SPIDER-MAN?

HORIZON... WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

WHAT?! GIVE ME THAT!

MAYOR JAMESON, WAIT--

SPIDER-MAN?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?!

YOU'RE TO **BLAME** FOR ALL OF THIS AREN'T YOU?! YOU **SPACE AGE SABOTEUR!** WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU--

GAH!

SORRY! WRONG NUMBER!

IT'S A DAMN CAMERA-PHONE! I CAN SEE YOU JABBERING, YOU JACKASS!

NOW PUT MY SON ON!

DAD? WHY ARE YOU YELLING AT SPIDER-MAN? HE'S TRYING TO HELP!

NEVER MIND THAT, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WE'RE HOLDING UP. AND WE HAVE A PLAN. BUT SPIDER-MAN NEEDS TO TALK TO *JUERGEN MUNTZ.*

THIS IS JUERGEN, SPIDER-MAN. IS THE STATION OKAY?

UM, NO. BUT EVERYONE'S STILL ALIVE, THANKS FOR ASKING.

I NEED YOU TO REMOTELY ACCESS THE **ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROLS** FROM DOWN THERE. WE NEED TO TWEAK THE AIR SUPPLY JUST A LITTLE BIT.

"TWEAK?"

WELL...BY TWEAK I MEAN "FLUSH ALL THE AIR OUT INTO SPACE."

WHAT?!

A Secret Underwater Location.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS & THE SINISTER SIX.

WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

I'M LOSING CONTACT WITH THE OCTOBOTS ON THE SPACE STATION!

MYSTERIO...

HRM. THE STATION'S AIR SUPPLY HAS BEEN CUT OFF REMOTELY BY HORIZON.

WHY WOULD THEY KILL THEIR OWN PEOPLE?

THEY WOULDN'T. GIVE ME A VISUAL ON THE STATION.

THE ENTIRE CREW IS LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS. MY OCTOBOTS AREN'T ABLE TO CONTROL THEM...

WAIT. I'M GETTING MOVEMENT.

THOSE AREN'T APOGEE CREW...THEY MUST BE FROM THE RESCUE SHIP I DESTROYED.

ZOOM IN. I WANT TO SEE WHO I'M DEALING--

NO.

NO!

LOOK, I'M FLYING!

YOU COULD ALREADY FLY.

KILLJOY. HOW MUCH TIME DOES THE CREW HAVE?

SPIDER-MAN!

YOU... ARE NOT JUERGEN.

YOU'VE MEDDLED IN MY PLANS FOR THE LAST TIME!

DOC? OTTO?

YOU'RE NOT LOOKING SO GOOD, ARE YOU OKAY?

THREE TO FIVE MINUTES. PLENTY OF TIME FOR HORIZON TO TURN EVERYTHING BACK ON.

WE JUST HAVE TO GET TO THE COMM STATION, CALL UP JUERGEN, AND--

YES...AS YOU CAN SEE, SINCE LAST WE MET, MY CONDITION HAS...

...WORSENED

DOC...

SAVE YOUR PITY. SAVE IT FOR YOURSELF.

FOR WHILE I MAY ONLY HAVE WEEKS LEFT TO LIVE...

...YOU ONLY HAVE SECONDS.

CLICK!

KRA-KATHOOOM!

WHAT WAS THAT?!

THE STATION'S MOVING...WE'RE FALLING OUT OF ORBIT!

ONCE WE HIT THE ATMOSPHERE, WE'LL BURN UP!

FAREWELL, SPIDER-MAN! SEND MY REGARDS TO THE HEREAFTER.

I'LL BE JOINING YOU THERE SOON ENOUGH.

WHAT DO WE DO?!

WE STICK TO THE PLAN.

THERE MAY BE NO *SHUTTLE*, NO *POGO PLANE*...WE MAY BE *HUNDREDS* OF MILES ABOVE THE EARTH, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! WE'RE GETTING OFF THIS STATION, EVERY *LAST ONE OF US!*

NO ONE DIES!

Minutes Later.

...ALL RIGHT. UNTIL THE AIR'S BACK, I CAN'T FLAME ON AND HELP YOU, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT? YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

KEEP WRAPPING. IT'S GOT TO BE *AIR TIGHT.*

FINE, BUT YOUR WEBS DON'T WORK, REMEMBER?

NO GRAVITY.

I SWITCHED TO MY *MAGNETIC WEB* CARTRIDGES. IF I AIM IT RIGHT, IT SHOULD ATTACH TO THE OCTOBOTS ON ALL THE CREW.

MAGNETIC WEBBING... THAT'S NEW.

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT CHANGED SINCE YOU WERE GONE.

SO I HEAR. "NO ONE DIES," HUH? NOT THE BEST CATCHPHRASE. NOT SO GOOD FOR YELLING MID-BATTLE.

NOT ALL OF US HAVE TO SCREAM FOR ATTENTION LIKE YOU.

EVERYBODY DIES. TRUST ME ON THAT ONE.

NOT TODAY.

AND I DON'T SCREAM FOR *ATTENTION.*

ATTENTION SCREAMS FOR ME.

GIRLS, I HATE TO INTERRUPT, BUT THE ENTIRE STATION'S ABOUT TO COME APART AND KILL US ALL.

AH, RIGHT. IMPENDING DOOM. GOTHCHA.

THAT'S ACTUALLY NOT A BAD REASON TO INTERRUPT.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THEIR JOB?

THEN LET'S *DO THIS!*

MY GOD...

MY SON...

MY STATION...

I...I...

MAYOR JAMESON, I'M SORRY FOR MY MOMENTARY LOSS OF PERSPECTIVE... BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

I'M A LITERAL GENIUS, BUT I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW ANYONE UP THERE COULD SURVIVE.

DOCTOR OCTOPUS WAS MONITORING THE STATION...SPIDER-MAN *KNEW* THAT. THERE'S A CHANCE HE DIDN'T TELL US WHAT THEY WERE PLANNING.

SPIDER-MAN'S PULLED OFF THE IMPOSSIBLE BEFORE. WE NEED TO HAVE *FAITH*.

YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU MODELL?

SPIDER-MAN WAS TEN FEET AWAY FROM MY WIFE WHEN SHE WAS KILLED.

AND IF HE CAN'T SAVE JOHN, THEN HE'D BETTER GO DOWN WITH HIM.

ASM #654

BECAUSE IF SPIDER-MAN LETS MY SON DIE, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM.

IF ANY OF THESE PEOPLE DIE, I WILL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF.

'COURSE, I'LL BE DEAD, TOO.

SO THERE'S THAT.

NO TIME... NO AIR...

COME ON, SPIDEY...

...MOVE!!

I'VE CHECKED THE ENTIRE STATION... THIS IS EVERY-ONE.

TIME TO GO.

WHOA.

DUDE.

SHOULD WE PRY THE OCTOBOTS OFF THEM FIRST?

THEY'RE KIND OF CREEPY, AND YOU KNOW... THEY COULD *ZOMBIE-OUT* AGAIN.

THE MAGNETIC WEBBING SHOULD BLOCK ANY SIGNAL THAT DOC OCK COULD SEND. THEY SHOULD BE SAFE FOR NOW.

WAIT...WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE *MAGNETIC WEBS* IN THE FIRST PLACE?

INSTEAD OF TAKING ALL THE *AIR* OUT OF THE STATION?!

I'LL TELL YOU WHY, IT'S BECAUSE I...

UM. WELL. YOU SEE...

YOU ARE THE! BIGGEST! IDIOT! *EVER!*

MISTAKES WERE MADE, OKAY? AND I DON'T REMEMBER YOU COMING UP WITH ANY BRILLIANT PLANS!

MORON!

THAT'S RICH, *YOU* CALLING *ME* MORON! WHEN PEOPLE CALL YOU "*FLAME BRAIN*," YOU HAVE TO ASK WHAT THE SECOND PART MEANS!

YO! KNOCK IT OFF! THIS WHOLE STATION IS ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED, REMEMBER?!

OH, RIGHT.

THAT.

THE APOGEE 1 FALLS OUT OF ORBIT, INTO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. THE HEAT OF RE-ENTRY IS TOO MUCH.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, THE SPACE STATION EXPLODES. GONE. NOTHING COULD SURVIVE THAT...

...EXCEPT THE HORIZON *DEEP SPACE SENSORY DEPRIVATION CHAMBER.*

WHICH WE HAPPEN TO BE IN. ALL ACCORDING TO MY HASTILY SCRAPPED TOGETHER PLAN.

TALK TO ME, TORCH!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, JUST SPIN THE WEB!

SPIN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SPUN BEFORE!

DAD! DAD, CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

--DAD →KSSH!← THINK WE →KSSH!← MAKE IT →KSSH!←

JOHN...

ANYTHING, JUERGEN?

I'VE...I'VE GOT THEM! BUT THEY'RE COMING IN HOT!

TORCH! YOU'RE STORING TOO MUCH HEAT!

YOU'RE GOING TO COOK US ALIVE IN HERE!

GOT IT... COVERED...

SUPER NOVA FIST!

WHOOSH!

YOU KEPT WANTING MORE AIR, HERE YOU GO!

AND ALL THE DOWNWARD *THRUST* I CAN GIVE YOU!

CHOK!

FWUMP!

SPOOOSHH!

--ALL HANDS ACCOUNTED FOR...

EVERYONE'S ALIVE!

YES!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

--MADE IT, DAD... I'M OKAY.

SON, MAYBE FOR A WHILE YOU CAN STAY ON THE GROUND FOR A BIT. WOULD YOU DO THAT FOR YOUR OLD MAN?

AFTER TODAY, SIR, I MIGHT NOT NEED MUCH CONVINCING. WE'RE UNLOADING THE CREW NOW.

YOU SAVED THEM ALL, JOHN...

IT WASN'T ME, AND YOU **KNOW** IT, DAD...

"HUMAN TORCH, YOU'RE MY **HERO**."

DAMN RIGHT I AM.

HEY. ALL JOKING ASIDE... TODAY, YOU ARE MY HERO. WITHOUT YOU, ALL THOSE PEOPLE WOULD BE DEAD.

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR? BESIDES, I TOLD YOU WHEN WE STARTED THAT THIS WOULD BE FUN.

THANKS. NOW SERIOUSLY, TELL ME THE TRUTH...

YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT.

NOT THAT...

DID YOU STEER US TO DAYTONA BEACH DURING SPRING BREAK ON PURPOSE?

DON'T YA JUST LOVE A HAPPY ENDING?

SPRING BREAK 2012

...THE FINAL STAGE IS COMPLETE. ALL READINGS ARE GOOD. GENTLEMEN... IT'S TIME...

...TIME TO IMPLEMENT MY MASTER PLAN...

...MY LAST MASTER PLAN.

NEXT:

ENDS OF THE EARTH

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

Send e-mail to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

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Hello, all!

We are very busy in the Spidey office this week getting ready for our next big six issue epic "Ends of the Earth" by Dan Slott, Stefano Caselli and Humberto Ramos. So while we get back to work, why don't you take a look at these awesome covers by Stefano Caselli!

Said with a smile,
Ellie Pyle

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #683

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